



The John Rylands
University Library
of Manchester

Burney Collection

LETTERS

OF THE LATE

LORD LYTTELTON.

VOL. II.



L O N D O N :

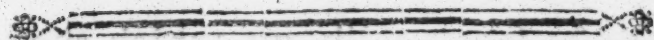
Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noster-Row.

M,DCC,LXXXII.

1891

INTRODUCTION

THE manner in which the
First Volume of this
series has been received,
renders any apology unnecessary
for publishing the second.—
It may perhaps be proper to
observe that the length of the
first letter, containing the title
of Wigg, &c. &c. &c.
is



T H E

INTRODUCTION.

THE manner in which the
FIRST VOLUME of these
LETTERS has been received,
renders any apology unnecessary
on publishing the SECOND.—

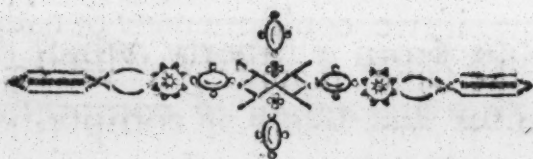
It may, perhaps, be proper to
observe, that the Length of the
last Letter, containing the His-
tory of Wigs, &c. &c. &c.

iv INTRODUCTION.

arises from a liberty which the Editor has taken of compressing the subjects of three distinct epistles into one. However, by this Alteration,---if what he has done can deserve that name,---he is vain enough to suppose that no Injury has been done to the Reputation of the noble Writer.

LET-

17



LETTERS, &c.



LETTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

HAVE you ever by chance looked into a book on the science of Cookery? If so, have you not observed, that the culinary disciple is instructed, when certain quantities of gravy, or essence, or preserves, are prepared, *to put them by for use?*

VOL. II.

B

Now,

Now, if we could manage our ideas in the same manner ; if we could lock up our acquired thoughts and knowledge in a kind of intellectual store-room, from whence they might be drawn forth for application; we should no longer be the slaves of a capricious recollection, which at this hour offers its treasures with intuitive readiness, yields them on the morrow with sullen reluctance, and on the succeeding day may refuse them to our most arduous researches. The active events of life, however, seldom die on the remembrance ; and you must certainly be mistaken in associating with me the circumstance you mention in your letter, which is at this instant before me. It is morally impossible

impossible that I should have forgotten it. My memory, perhaps, is the only faculty I possess, which has not at one time or other deceived me: nay, so firm is its texture, that the oblivious hours of Courtship do not affect its wonted capacities—tho', to say the truth, mine is a very drowsy progress. Assiduity without love, tenderness without sincerity, and dalliance without desire, afford the miserable, the hopeless, but the faithful picture of my sluggish journey to the temple of Hymen. However, to give something of colour to the intervening hours between consent and fruition, his Lordship performs wonders, and sighs and flatters for his heedless Son: nay, he tunes his

neglected lyre, and sings the power of those charms, which, by an Anti-Circean fascination, are destined, by his fancy, to recal my vagrant footsteps to the paths of Virtue. But, alas ! I know not the resolution of the Greek ; I cannot resist the song of the Syrens ; and, partial as I may be to paternal music, it will prove, in its influence upon me, far inferior to theirs.

But all is not torpours and inanimation, and what Love could not produce, Vanity has inspired. Two of the brethren of the house of my Dulcinea made her a visit last week, with a design of turning her from the expectation of a Coronet and
from

from me. I need not tell you that they are honest, simple bourgeois, or they would not have meditated such a fruitless errand to their ambitious Sister. I was well assured that they would not convert her, and the fancy came across me to aim at converting them. In this business I so exerted myself in every form of attention, flattery, and amusement, that I verily believe they returned to their home at *Chipping-Norton* without enforcing that remonstrance which was the motive to their journey.—That *Chipping-Norton*, in whose neighbourhood I passed with my Grandmother many of my youthful days, and to which I had never associated any idea but that of Pigs

playing upon Organs—that chilly *Chipping-Norton* should yield one of its former toasts to be the *Cara Sposa* of your friend! What can your fertile fancy deduce from the union of *Hagley's* Genius and the widowed Protectress of the more than widowed *Leasowes*? If offspring there should be, what a strange Demi-Theocrite will owe its being to such an Hymen. Alas! my friend, this is but a dream for your amusement: the reality will offer to your compassionate experience the marriage of Infatuation and Necessity, whose legitimate and certain issue will be a separate Maintenance, and perhaps a titled Dowry.

I have

I have many and various communications to make to you, but they must be reserved for personal intercourse. In the mean time, when you shall see me announced as being added to the Benedicks of the year, save me, I beseech you, save me your congratulations. Nothing is so absurd as the tide of felicitations which flow in upon a poor newly-married man, before he himself can determine, and much less the complimenting world, upon the propriety of them. Marriage is the grand Lottery of Life; and it is as great a folly to exult upon entering into it, as on the purchase of a ticket in the State Wheel of Fortune. It is when the ticket is drawn a Prize

that we can answer to congratulation.

—Adieu!

LETTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

My dear — — —,

IF I am not very much mistaken, your library-table is always furnished with an interleaved *Bruyere*, on whose blank pages you amuse yourself with extending the ideas of that celebrated writer, or directing them to modern applications. I am, therefore, to offer my name as an addition to your collections, and to desire that in your *scholia* on that excellent work I may furnish a *trait* to his admirable character of the **Absent Man.**

On

On the day of my marriage, a day——but no more of that!——After the nuptial benediction was over, and we were returning to our equipage, instead of being the gallant Benedick, and conducting the new-made Mrs. L——— to her coach, I slouched on before, and was actually getting into the carriage as if I had been quite alone; but, recollecting myself as my foot was upon the step, I turned round to make my apology, which completed the business, for I addressed the Bride in her widowed name, with “My dear Mrs. “P——, I beg ten thousand pardons,” and so on. This fit of absence was as strange as it proved ridiculous—an omen, perhaps, of all the

the ungracious business which is to follow. You may first laugh at this little foolish history, and then, if you please, apply it to a more serious purpose. But this species of Absence is an hereditary virtue. — A Virtue ! say you. — Yes, Sir, a Virtue ; for it is a mark of genius, and my Right Honourable Father possesses it in a most flattering degree. I will present you with a most remarkable example, which you may also add to the composition of your modern Theophrastus. His Lordship was about to pay a morning sacrifice at the shrine of M — — —, and a large bunch of early pinks lay upon his toilette, which were to compose the offering of the day. With those antique
or

or professional beaux, who wear the tye or large flowing wig, it appears to be convenient, in the ceremony of their dress, that the head should bring up the rear, and be covered the last. The full-trimmed suit was put on, the sword was girded to his side, the *chapeau bas* was compressed by his left arm, the bunch of pinks graced his right hand, and his night-cap remained upon his pate. The servant having left the room, the venerable Peer, forgetful of his perukean honours, would actually have sallied forth into the street in full array and *en bonnet de nuit*, if his valet de chambre had not arrived, at the critical moment, to prevent his singular exit. I was present, but my
astonishment

astonishment at his figure so totally suspended my faculties, that he would have made the length of Curzon-street before I should have recovered any power of reflection. I was accused, as you may suspect, of a purposed inattention, in order to render his Lordship ridiculous ; and I was told upon the occasion, that, altho' this kind of occasional Absence of Mind might furnish Folly with laughter, it generally arose from that habitual exertion of thought which produces Wisdom. You may congratulate me, therefore, on the prospect of my advancement to the title of Sage.

I am already married, and what
is

is to follow God alone knows. Strange things daily happen *dans ce bas monde*, and things more strange may be behind. I have such a budget to open for you!---but that discovery must be reserved till we meet. Suffice it to say at present,

*Quædam parva quidem, sed non toleranda
maritis.*

LETTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

I Congratulate you, with no common sincerity, on 'having got most completely into a scrape from whence all your finesse and prudent demeanour will not be able to extricate

tricate you. I have seen you, more than once, venture upon a flight which left my effrontery far behind, while I could not but envy you the advantages which public prepossession in your favour gave you over me. Frequently have I blasphemed my stars for not having given me the art of saving appearances which you so eminently possess; but I have now good reason to hope, that you have, at length, fallen from your height, and will be obliged in future to roll in the mire with myself, and a few others of our common nature. The Devil, in the language of the proverb, having long owed you a grudge, has taken a very fair opportunity to pay it.

You

You may now exclaim, on your entrance into our Pandemonium,

Hail, horrors, hail! and thou, profoundest Hell,

Receive thy new possessor.

For your consolation, however, I shall inform you, that, before the period of my present incorrigible humour, I was once in a state of disadvantage, very similar, in its circumstances and effects, to that which has now overtaken you. You must know, then, that some years ago I had formed an unlucky plan to mortify my Right Reverend Uncle, who had taken some authoritative liberties with me, without giving him a fair opportunity to express his resentment.

This

This was no less than an attack upon the temporal privilege of Episcopacy in possessing a seat in the House of Lords. I had some thoughts of my own upon the subject, but I had fortunately added to their number and importance from the accidental perusal of a republished tract on the conduct of our Bishops through upwards of twenty reigns, which unanswerably proved, that, during so long a period, they had almost uniformly manifested themselves to be foes to rational liberty. I took up the argument in a very general view, urged it with modesty, and, what was better, with security, as, in case it had been returned with
 anger,

anger, I was armed with the opinion of my Father, who was present, and, in his Persian Letters, has written to the same purpose. In short, I enjoyed all the triumph that my malicious expectation could have framed. The Prelate grinned with vexation, but was forced to acquiesce in silence, and I had my revenge. But, not many days after, when my resentment towards this Reverend Relation had been lost in its fruition, a trifling circumstance happened, which his vigilant anger gladly seized, in order to heap upon me every indignity which his truly christian spirit was capable of producing. As a family party of us were crossing the road on the

side of Hagley Park, a chaise passed along, followed by a couple of attendants with French Horns. Who can that be, said my Father? Some itinerant mountebank, replied I, if one may judge from his musical followers. I really spoke with all the indifference of an innocent mind, nor did it occur to me that the Right Reverend Father in God, my Uncle, had sometimes been pleased to travel with servants accoutred with similar instruments.

But evil on itself will soon recoil, and my recollection was soon restored to me by a torrent of abuse, which was, in length, violence, and, I had almost said, in expression, equal

equal to any sacred anathema of Popish resentment. In short, I was cursed, damned, and sent to the Devil, in all the chaste periphrasis of a Priest's implacability. The whole of the business was of a very singular nature: he availed himself of an inoffensive occurrence to let loose his resentment at a past offence; while I, in a state of actual innocence, sunk beneath the consciousness of my past guilt. This last part of the story is, I presume, in perfect unison with your present feelings.—But, to conclude with a serious observation, be assured, my friend, that, however rich, great, or powerful a man may be, it is the height of folly to make personal enemies

enemies from any, but particularly from personal, motives ; for one unguarded moment---and who could support the horrors of a never-ceasing, suspicious vigilance---may yield you to the revenge of the most despicable of mankind. From a very unpleasant experience of my own, I should most sincerely counsel every young man, who is entering on the theatre of the world, to merit the good opinion of mankind, by an easy, unaffected, and amiable deportment to all, which will do more to make his walk through life respectable and happy, than those more striking and splendid qualities, which are for ever in the extremes of honour or disgrace,—Adieu.—I shall

shall be curious to hear of the progress you make in the thorny paths of Contrition, and whether the fruits of it will be adequate to the humiliating penalties you must have undergone.

I am, with great regard,

Yours, &c.

LETTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

My dear Sir,

I sincerely lament with you the death of Doctor Goldsmith, as a very considerable loss to the learned, the laughing, and the sentimental world. His versatile genius was ca-

C 3

pable

pable of producing satisfaction to persons of all these varying denominations. But I shall, without hesitation, combat the opinion which you derive from the insolvent state in which he died, that Genius and Talents meet with an ungrateful return from mankind, and are generally seen to struggle with continual and insuperable difficulties. Plautus is related to have turned a mill, Boethius died in a gaol, Tasso was in constant distress, Cervantes died of hunger, and our Otway from too eager an indulgence of that appetite : Camoens ended his days in an hospital, and Vaugelas left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts as far as it would go. I could fill my paper with

with a melancholy detail of Genius in misfortune ; but it would require a volume of no common size to examine into the causes of such an affecting branch of human distress : and if a work of that nature were to be composed, it would prove no more than what we already know, that Genius is not exempt from human failings, and frequently possesses them in a degree superior to ordinary talents and common dulness. An improvident spirit, and disdain of reflection, are no uncommon attributes of that character ; and I need not inform a child of ten years old, that the dullest Rosinante, who keeps on his way, will sooner arrive at his destined end, than the fleetest

courser of Newmarket, who has taken a different direction.

An unenlightened and barbarous age may deny bread to men of understanding ; but we have the happiness to live in the full blaze of reason and knowledge. At this period, the man of Genius, as well as the less learned character, is equally the framer of his own fortune ; and it must arise from some inherent deficiency in both, when the means of comfortable existence, to say no more, are remote from them. This age is the most favourable that has ever been known in the annals of Time, for men of Genius, Talents, and Skill, in any and every branch
of

of Science and Art. To come home, however, to your subject, tell me, I beg of you, in what respect Doctor Goldsmith was neglected. As soon as his talents were known, the public discovered a ready disposition to reward them ; nor did he ever produce the fruits of them in vain. His mode of life is generally known; the profits of his labours are no secret, and the patronage beneath which he, some time, flourished, is a matter of public notoriety : nor shall I swerve from truth in the declaration, that he was encouraged equal to his merits, whatever they may have been ; and that the public were ready to encrease their favour in proportion to his exertions. Ask
your

your Bookseller what Doctor Goldsmith did acquire, and what he might have acquired, by his writings: continue the question with respect to the manner in which many of them were produced, and what was the spring which generally set his talents in motion. The respective replies will be sufficient to convince you, that, if your favourite author died in poverty, it was because he had not discretion enough to be rich. A rigid obedience to the Scripture command of *Take no thought for to-morrow*, with an ostentatious impatience of coin, and an unreflecting spirit of benevolence, occasioned the difficulties of his life, and the insolvency of its end. He

4

might

might have blessed himself with an happy independence, enjoyed, without interruption, every wish of a wise man, secured an ample provision for his advanced age, if he had attained it, and have made a respectable last will and testament; and all this, without rising up early, or sitting up late, if common sense had been added to his other attainments. Such a man is awakened into the exertion of his faculties but by the impulse of some sense which demands enjoyment, or some passion which cries aloud for gratification; by the repeated menace of a creditor, or the frequent dun at his gate: nay, should the necessity of to-day be relieved, the procrastinated labour

bour will wait for the necessity of
 to-morrow ; and, if Death should
 overtake him in the interval, it must
 find him a beggar, and the age is
 to be accused of obduracy in suffering
 Genius to die for want ! If Pope
 had been a debauchee, he would
 have lived in a garret, nor enjoyed
 the Attic elegance of his villa on
 the banks of the Thames. If Sir
 Joshua Reynolds had been idle and
 drunken, he might, at this hour,
 have been acquiring a scanty and
 precarious maintenance by painting
 coach-pannels and Birmingham tea-
 boards. Had not David Hume
 possessed the invariable temper of his
 country, he might have been the
 actual master of a school in the
 He-

Hebrides ; and the inimitable Garrick, if he had possessed Shuter's character, would have acquired little more than Shuter's fame, and suffered Shuter's end. Name me a man of Genius in our days, who, if he has been destitute of independence, had a right to complain of any one but himself. You may tell me that Lloyd died in a gaol ; and I believe, from every thing I have heard of that very ingenious Gentleman, that his fate would have been the same, if he had been born to the inheritance of an ample fortune. You will add, perhaps, the name of your very learned friend Morell. He certainly deserves well of, and is esteemed by, the learned world ; but

but the acute critic and profound grammarian seems to be impelled rather by the love of science, than the desire of gain,—is generally in the habit of frugal contentment, and hides himself in that shade of retirement, where the learned few alone can find him. I am, however, entirely of your opinion, that he merits a less restrained situation than he possesses; and I agree with you in not forgiving Doctor B— — for a breach of justice in opposing his election to a fellowship at Eton. Such a promotion would have been a suitable reward for his labours, and have afforded him that ample independence and learned retreat, which would have left his closing
 life

life without a wish. B— — was the most able schoolmaster that ever grasped the birch; and I am sorry he should disgrace his succeeding and higher office, by opposing, as you tell me, more than once, the entrance of a man into his College, the circumstances of whose life and character gave him so fair a claim to the preferment which he solicited. But this ill treatment of your friend--for I think it such--is not applicable to the age, but to the folly of a vain man, who finds a consolation for his disappointed ambition in the despotic sway of a College, wherein he will not suffer a man to enter, whose

character

character announces the least gleam
of an independent spirit.

Learning and fine talents must be
respected and valued in all enlight-
ened ages and nations; nay, they
have been known to awaken a most
honourable veneration in the breasts
of men accustomed to spoil, and
wading through blood to glory.
An Italian Robber not only refused
the rich booty of a caravan, but
conducted it under his safeguard,
when he was informed that *Tasso*
accompanied it. The great Duke
of Marlborough, at the siege of
Cambray, gave particular orders,
that the lands, &c. of the admired
Fenelon, Archbishop of the diocese,
should

should not be profaned by the violence of war. Cæsar, the ambitious Cæsar, acknowledged *Tully's* superior character; for that the Roman Orator had enlarged the limits of human Knowledge, while he had only extended those of his Country. But to proceed one step higher,

*The great Emathian Conqueror bid spare
The House of Pindarus, when Temple and
Tower
Went to the ground.*

Rest then assured, my friend, when a man of learning and talents does not, in this very remunerative age, find encouragement, protection, and independence, that such an unnatural circumstance must arise from some concomitant failings which render

his labours obnoxious, or, at least, of no real utility.—Adieu, my dear Sir.—A long letter may admit of excuse on a subject which would fill a large volume.—I am, with truth,
 Your faithful, humble servant.

LETTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

INdeed, my dear friend, you mistake the matter : Irony is not my talent, and B— — — says I have too much Impudence to make use of it. It is a fine rhetorical figure ; and, if there were a chance of attaining the manner in which Junius has employed it, its cultivation would

be

be worth any attention. But you add an harsh injustice to real error, when you suppose that I have employed any powers of raillery I may possess on the subject of Her Most Excellent Majesty. I recollect the conversation which produced this report to my disadvantage, and, if it were true, to my dishonour. I can easily despise the malice of those who understand and misrepresent me; but that ignorance which both misunderstands and misrepresents is mortifying in the extreme. I should really think it little less than blasphemy to speak ill of a Princess who deserves so well. The Queen does honour to the British Throne :

she has a right to the place she possesses in the breast of every reflecting Englishman; and it has ever been my opinion, that her character unites the royal virtues of her station with the most amiable qualifications of her sex. Nor have I ever been disposed to speak unfavourably of the Ladies who attend her person, or compose her suite. There are, I must own, half a dozen figures of her household who are objects of my pity; and the strain of commiseration which broke from me on their subjects, has been represented, I find, as a contemptuous raillery of their Royal Mistress. My memory will serve me, I believe, to recollect the general tenor of

of my discourse on the occasion;
which I shall offer to your candid
interpretation.

The Dowager Lady Townshend,
as you well know, divides the human
species into Men, Women, and
H— —; and where is the crime,
if I parody on her Ladyship's logic,
and apply it to the division of her
Majesty's household into Men,
Women, and *Maids of Honour*.
Nor will it be difficult to justify
this new line of distinction, if we
consider the peculiar offices which
compose the duty, and the singular
privileges which reward the service,
of these courtly virgins.

To make up, at Aleast, two court suits in a year; to dance as many court minuets in the same space; to fiddle, on days of duty, through the presence-chambers, at the tail of a royal procession; to take her place in an established corner of the drawing-room; to say Yes, Sir, or No, Sir, and courtesy, when she is noticed by the King; to say Yes, Madam, and No, Madam, and courtesy, when the Queen does her the same honour; to make an occasional one of six large hoops in a royal coach, and to aid the languor of an easy party in a side-box at a royal play; compose the principal labours of a Maid of Honour's life. V
 —But they are not without their rewards.

rewards.—A moderate salary, and a thousand pounds when Miss gets an husband ; an apartment in a palace, and, I believe, a dinner from a royal kitchen ; in the rotation of six weeks, a seven-days possession of a royal coach, a royal coachman, and a shabby pair of royal horses, for the purpose of shopping in the city, paying distant visits, airing in the King's road, and the being set down at the very gate of Kensington Gardens, while women of the first fashion are obliged to trip it o'er an hundred yards of greensward between their coaches and the place of admittance ; to take place of Barons daughters ; to go to plays, operas, and oratorios, gratis ; to

have physicians without fees, and medicines without an apothecary's bill; to chat with Lords and Grooms of the Bedchamber around the fire of an antichamber; to stroke the beardless face of a new-made page; and, perhaps, to receive an Heir-Apparent's first effort at flirtation; constitute the various privileges of a Maid of Honour.

This brief history, my dear friend, you well know to be founded in fact, and will, therefore, be ready to applaud the tender pity I feel for these virgin automats. I have never seen them bringing up the rear of a royal train, but each of them has appeared to bear, in
legible.

legible characters, on her forehead,
Who will marry me? Nevertheless,
 upon the most favourable average,
 not one in three years, during the
 present reign, has been rewarded by
 Hymen; which, in their particular
 situation, is as pitiable a circum-
 stance as can be found in the long
 catalogue of female mortifications.
 A Lady of the Bedchamber is obli-
 ged only to a partial duty, and,
 during the short period of her at-
 tendance, is, in some degree, the
 companion of her royal Mistress;
 while the Virgins of Honour are
 not admitted, as I have been in-
 formed, to stick a pin in a royal
 handkerchief. Even the Women
 of the same department figure only
 in.

in her Majesty's cast-off gowns on royal birth-days ; but these poor persecuted damsels are the common hackneys of drawing room parade : whether ill or well, in humour or out of humour, by day-light or by candle-light, they are obliged, through three parts of the year, to be on the continual stretch of state-official exhibition.

I remember, when I was little more than a boy, to have seen a young lady in training for this important office ; and the whole of that serious business consisted in nothing more than a practical lecture upon entrances and exits, the language of courtesies, and the art
of

of conducting a large hoop in all modes and forms of possible pliancy. I laughed then as boys laugh, and had some unlucky thoughts in my head which were not arrived at maturity. At this period, I would willingly give an opera-subscription to be present at a similar exercise.

After this manner did I treat the Honourable Subject of her Majesty's Honourable Virgins ; and little did I think that it would beget a long admonitory epistle from you, to warn me against speaking evil of dignities. My wit, such as it is, has never directed a single glance at the Throne ; and I have received
the

the welcome testimony of your applause, more than once, for exerting the full force of my understanding to support the wishes of it. You have my ready leave, my dear friend, to laugh with me, and at me,---to reprove and to admonish me; but I must entreat you to relax your proneness to believe every idle tale which is fabricated to my dishonour.

I am, &c.

LETTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

YOUR usual accuracy has failed you in your suggestions concerning the rise and rapid progress of

of Mr. D——t's fortune. The history of that Gentleman's advancement to his present affluence, if my immediate recollection does not fail me, is as follows.

That he was appointed to his first employment in the service of Government by my Father's interest is true; and it may, perhaps, have been procured for him from the motives which current opinion has assigned: but of this I do not pretend to be better informed than the rest of the world. Thus placed in a situation of little or no leisure, he was left, I believe, by our family-patronage, to look for any future promotion from his own industry,

try, the chance of succession, or the casual boon of fortune. The latter was disposed to smile upon him, or, it may be said with more propriety, to reward the prudent modesty with which he retreated from her first advances, to secure her greater favours. In the usual course of promotion, he had an acknowledged claim to succeed to a vacant place of no inconsiderable profit. On this occasion, Lord Holland, for some particular reason which I have forgotten, or perhaps never heard, wished to make an irregular appointment in favour of some other person; and, to comply with his Lordship's wishes, Mr. D—— wisely waved his right of succession. That Nobleman,

Nobleman, who never suffered a good office to be long unreturned, soon after procured him to be named Commissary-General to the expedition then preparing to attack the French West-India islands. The success which attended it, together with the regular profits of his appointment, placed him in a situation, with respect to Fortune, with which, it may be imagined, he was more than satisfied; and I have been told that he then looked no farther. But Lord Holland never thought he did enough for any-one that had obliged him; and I am greatly mistaken, if his influence did not name Mr. D— to the same employment in the formidable armament which

which was sent against the Havannah, and succeeded. The fortunes acquired by that capture are well known, and Mr. D— —t's was among the largest of them. On his return to England, he soon began to display a love of ostentation, which he indulged, however, as I understand, without injuring his fortune; for tho' George has no small share of vanity, it has seldom operated so far as to make him inattentive to the *summum bonum* of life. He built a fine house in Portman-square, and purchased the very capital estate of Tong-Castle, in Shropshire, of the Duke of Kingston. He immediately renewed, or rather improved, the ancient form
of

of the decayed edifice, adorned it with the venerable decorations of Gothic architecture, beautified its surrounding lawns, and conducted through them a long extent of fine water, which flows on three sides of the stately edifice. The Castle is a very large building, contains many very capacious apartments, and is furnished with a profusion of pictures and splendid upholstery. Tho' it is not situated in a fine part of the country, yet, taken in all its circumstances, it may lay no small claim to the character of Magnificence. The owner of it might have built a new and more commodious house for much less money than has been expended in the reparations of the old

one : but the word *Castle* is a sounding word ; it was in unison with Mr. D— —t's notions of grandeur ; and, apprehensive that this favourite title might, by degrees, be forgotten with the lofty turrets and stately battlements, he resolved to clothe them in more than pristine grandeur, and thus secure their ancient, honourable name, till time or chance should destroy them for ever. Some of my old neighbours positively assert, that they remember to have heard George D— — declare, when he was a youth, that he hoped, one day or other, to be possessed of a larger house than *Hagley* ; and they insist upon it that he gives such great extent to the limits of *Tong-*
Castle

Castle, merely to fulfil his own prediction.—But this by the way.—The world in general, who were not acquainted with the ambition of his early days, have thought, that, by this creation of splendour, he hoped to allure some Lady of noble birth and great connections to become the mistress of it. The bait offered by so handsome a man as he certainly is, would, in all probability, have been soon taken, but, in this particular, expectation has been very much disappointed; for he has actually made a kind of half-runaway match with a little Quaker of eighteen years of age, and educated in all the rigour of her sect. She has no pretensions to

Beauty,---I write merely from information,--- but possesses a very agreeable person, with a most amiable simplicity, and loves her husband to idolatry. I have heard your friend Counsellor Day speak in high terms of her father, as a man of excellent understanding, polite manners, and generous dispositions. Since this marriage, the superb service of plate very seldom makes its appearance ; and the Master of the noble Castle, as I am told, now lives in a corner of it, with a small party of his relations, and seems to be growing into a disregard of the intrigues and fashions of public life. His brother is the Parson of my parish, and is called

Docter

Doctor John; but the Divine and the Squire do not hold a very friendly intercourse.

I rather think that this little piece of biography is pretty well founded: if, however, it should possess any errors, which may be the case, I beg leave to assure you that they are not of my invention. As to Mr. D— —t's unpopularity with the *Lyttelton* family, it does not arise, perhaps, from what you and the world may, with some reason, suppose; but from a subsequent circumstance, of which you, and the world, are, in general, ignorant.— When my — — was Governor of I— — —, he received positive or-

ders to raise and discipline a regiment of Negroes for the service of the Havannah expedition. As this supply did not join the grand armament at the time appointed, Mr. D— —t was dispatched to Jamaica, by the Commander in Chief, to chide the tardy levies; and, as Report says, he found a very surprising languor in obeying these very important orders of Government. On such an occasion, he was, perhaps, instructed to threaten an accusation of delinquency against the Governor to the powers at home; and it is equally probable, that he did not forget his instructions. Whether this neglect was repaired by subsequent exertions, or
 whether

whether it was forgotten in the successes which followed, I do not know; but I very well remember, that, at the time, my Father was very uneasy about it, and complained, in angry terms, to the Clergyman of Hagley, of his brother's forwardness to disgrace a branch of that family by which his own had been so warmly protected. Here the matter rested; but that George D——t should have been elevated to a situation, wherein he could repeat what was called an insolent menace to one of the *Lytelton* family, will never be remembered without much mortification, and, therefore, can never be forgiven.——Adieu.

E 4

L E T-

LETTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

MUCH of the disputes, and, consequently, many of the inconveniences, of this world, arise from the strange difficulty--- for a strange one it is---that men find in understanding each other's meaning. Hence the never-ending game of Cross-purposes, in which all of us, at times, are so much engaged. A leading cause of this disunion is a negligence in using terms appropriate to their object. The Philosopher, it is true, must generalise his ideas to compass the views of his enquiring mind. It is by such an application of his intellectual faculties,

faculties, that he surmounts such a variety of obstacles, that he passes from individual man to an whole people; from a people, to the human race; from the time in which he lives, to the ages that are to come; from what he sees, to that which is invifible. But, in conveying the fruits of his study and reflection to others, he must condescend to weigh words, compare terms, and preclude all possibility of error in those he instructs, by using a simplicity of definition, a perspicuity of expression, and, where the barrenness of language denies the immediate term, a neatness of periphrase which not only invites but creates conception.

You:

You are pleased, in your last letter, to charge the present age with the crime of Scepticism ; and you have abandoned yourself to a more than common energy on the subject. To tell you the truth, I do not very clearly perceive the tendency of your accusation. If it alludes to Religion, you would, I think, find some difficulty to maintain your position : if it should glance at Politics, our national submission is certainly against you : or, leaving the higher concerns of the world, if you should apply your assertion to the ordinary intercourse and common transactions between man and man, you are truly unfortunate, as an extreme cullibility seems to be one of the leading features

tures of the present times. The age in which we live does not possess so great a share, as former centuries, of that Faith which is able to remove mountains: blind Credulity, by the insults it so long offered to Reason, has, in a great measure, destroyed itself, or is rather become modified into that Sobriety of Belief which is consistent with a rational being. The gawdy, awful, and presuming phantom of Papal Authority, has long begun to disappear: that blazing meteor, which for so many ages dazzled the superstitious world, verges towards the horizon, and grows pale before the steady, embodied light of liberal, unimpeded Science. But I cannot believe,

believe, although Luxury and Diffipation, with their concomitant depravities, have made such enormous strides among the higher orders, that Infidelity in religious matters is a leading characteristic of our times. If we turn from the Church to the State, the firm confidence of a very great majority of the people in a Government, which, I am forced to confess, does not possess all the wisdom that such a Government ought to possess, is a circumstance, which, were I to enlarge upon it, you would be perplexed to answer. In the ordinary transactions of life, the wantonness of commercial credit is well prepared to give the lie direct to any charge of Incredulity. Ask

Foley,

Foley, Charles Fox, and a thousand others, what they think of modern Infidelity ; and they will tell you, that the *Jews* themselves, that unbelieving race, have deserted from the standard of Scepticism, and, having borne the stigma of spiritual Unbelief for upwards of seventeen hundred years, are, at this moment, groaning beneath the effects of temporal Credulity.

Credula turba sumus——We are a credulous race of beings ; and the most steady professors of Scepticism are deceived by others, and deceive themselves, every hour of the day. Religion, which commands, among its evident truths, the belief of
 matters

matters which we cannot entirely comprehend, will, sometimes, so habituate the mind of its submissive disciple to acts of faith, that he does not know how to with-hold his assent to the most improbable fictions of human fancy ; and the *Credo quia impossibile est* of *Tertullian* is readily adopted by his yielding piety. I shall confirm the truth of this observation by a story which I have heard related, and is not more extraordinary in its nature, than the tone, look, and language of Belief which accompanied the relation. —A traveller, benighted in a wild and mountainous country (if my recollection does not fail me, in the Highlands of Scotland) at length beholds

beholds the welcome light of a
 neighbouring habitation. He urges
 his horse towards it; when, instead
 of an house, he approached a kind of
 illuminated Chapel, from whence
 issued the most alarming sounds he
 had ever heard. Tho' greatly sur-
 prised and terrified, he ventured
 to look through a window of the
 building, when he was amazed to
 see a large Assembly of Cats, who,
 arranged in solemn order, were la-
 menting over the corpse of one of
 their own species, which lay in state,
 and was surrounded with the various
 emblems of sovereignty. Alarmed
 and terrified at this extraordinary
 spectacle, he hastened from the place
 with greater eagerness than he ap-
 proached

proached it ; and arriving, some time after, at the house of a Gentleman who never turned the wanderer from his gate, the impressions of what he had seen were so visible on his countenance, that his friendly host enquired into the cause of his anxiety. He accordingly told his story, and, having finished it, a large family cat, who had lain, during the narrative, before the fire, immediately started up, and very articulately exclaimed, "*Then I am King of the Cats!*" and, having thus announced its new dignity, the animal darted up the chimney, and was seen no more.

Now, the man, who *seriously* repeated

peated this strange and singular history, was a Peer of the Realm, had been concerned in the active scenes of life, and was held in high esteem and veneration among mankind for his talents, wisdom, and Christian piety. After this information, which I give you as a serious fact, what have you to say?—It is impossible but you must immediately withdraw your charge of Infidelity against a period which could produce one such implicit Believer.

As for myself, I will readily confess to you that I am neither a Sceptic nor a Believer. I have enough of Scepticism to prevent the throwing my share of Faith away: at the

same time I feel within me that there is something, which I cannot very well explain, the Belief whereof I ought to cultivate, and from whence I should derive much satisfaction and contentment, could I but frame my mind to the purpose.—If, however, after all my reasoning, you should still continue to fix a sceptical character upon the present age, I trust that you will at least discard it from your own breast, while I assure you of the great regard with which I am,

Your most sincere
humble Servant.

LETTER

LETTER THE FORTIETH.

My dear Sir,

YOUR letters to me are those of Friendship. Under the impression of this sentiment, I, at all times, receive them: nevertheless, they are attended with this disagreeable circumstance, that, in my answers to them, I am so often obliged to make myself the hero of my own tale.

Your last charge has a foundation in truth; and the persons whom you name as being in the circle of my intimacy, are received at my house, and admitted to my table. You tell

F 2

me

me it is not only a dishonour, but a crime, to herd with such men as familiar associates; and that it is beneath a rational being to receive these outcasts from all other society into mine, merely to be flattered by their submission, to have base engines of my pleasures, or objects for that raillery which will not be returned. It is too true that I cannot altogether combat the force of these very severe observations; but let me persuade you to bestow any small portion of your leisure on the volume of human nature, to take a short review of human failings, and then to cast your eye upon that page whereon my name is written. You will there discover that my character
is

is divided between an ardent Desire of Applause, and a more than equal Love of Pleasure; and, on this discovery, your considerate regard will look with less severity upon me. When you have done me this justice, proceed, I beseech you, one step farther; examine the World upon my subject, and you will know what confirmed prejudices it possesses against me; that I am the continual victim of its injustice; and that, not contented to blazon forth my defects and follies into a false, unnatural magnitude, it seems pleased with the malignant task of fabricating tales to my dishonour. Public opinion aims at excluding me from a familiar intercourse with

men of virtuous life, and women of chaste manners ; so that, when I appear even in general societies, Mothers seem to be alarmed for their Daughters, Husbands for their Wives, and Fathers for their Sons : nay, the very *Impures* of the Town have refused my most generous offers, from an apprehension of my capacity for mischief. I will freely own that my life has been marked with an extravagance of dissipation ; but neither the force of my passions, &c. nor their success, tho', viciously speaking, I might be vain of the latter, can justify these violent and continual fears of me.

But let us suppose, for a moment,
that

that this most Prodigal of all Prodigals should meditate a reformation, and begin the salutary work with the favourable omen of shutting his doors against those Vagabonds, to use your own expression, whom you accuse him of suffering to enter them. If, in the arduous task of winning the forfeited esteem of mankind, I should begin with paying my court to the Lights of the Church, and beg their sanction to my infant repentance, those holy men would not only suspect the sincerity of my declarations, but do my effrontery the credit to believe, that, under the semblance of contrition, I was meditating some unholy impertinence to the sacred Lawn. Permit me to

continue the singular idea, and suppose me commencing my round of episcopal visits with one of the FIRST CHARACTERS of this age and nation, the present *Bishop of London*. After some hesitation on the part of my coachman, you may imagine me at his Lordship's gate, where it cannot be supposed that I should find admittance.—But this is not all. —*Mrs. Lowth* would, probably, throw my visiting card into the fire, and forbid the porter to enter my name in his book; while the Right Reverend Prelate would determine to take the opportunity of some debate in the House of Lords, wherein I might be engaged, to satisfy his politeness as a Gentleman, by leaving

leaving his name at my door, without any apprehension of being admitted within it.--What ! would you have me wander a solitary being through the world, too bad for the good, and too good for the bad?—My whole nature shudders at the idea, and I should perish in the attempt. I love superiority, flattery, and ease ; and the society which you condemn affords the threefold gratification. You will tell me that it consists of dishonourable men :—in the common sense of the term you may be right ; but *dulcibus abundant vitiis* ; and, as bad instruments, in the hands of agreeable performers, make a pleasant concert, so these characters compose an amusing society. With them

I am

I am under no restraint ; they know the history of the day : some of them, also, are well accomplished ; and, while they play upon one another, I can play upon them all. Besides, coffee may be ordered at whatever hour I please without an opposing look ; and while I confer honour, I enjoy convenience.

You will, perhaps, be disposed to enquire if I think it worthy of me, in the phrase of vulgar tongues, to enjoy the Character of *King of the Company*.—The love of rule, my dear Sir, is, more or less, the inmate of every breast : it is allied to all the pre-eminent virtues ; and the greatest men have owed their greatness to it.

Cæsar

Cæsar declared that the first office of a Village was preferable to the second station in the Roman World. *Whitefield*, I believe, would not have exchanged his Tabernacle for a metropolitan Diocese; *Zinzendorff*, amid the submission of his *Moravian* followers, looked down with pity on despotic Empire; nor, in the Government of my *Pandemonium*, do I envy all the didactic Honours of your *Lyceum*.

It may be an opinion which proceeds from a dissolute refinement, but it is mine,—that Pleasure is not Pleasure, if difficulties are necessary to its enjoyment. I wish, as it were, to have it brought home to me, with-
out

our my stirring across the threshold. My taste for Gratification is like their Piety who erect chapels in their houses : it makes a domestic Priesthood necessary to me ; and while the persons who compose it are zealous in their functions, I shall look no farther. The circumstances of my past life have produced the colour of the present moment ; a future period may receive another hue. The events of every passing hour, in characters such as mine, as well as in others which are supposed to be much better, must furnish the tints. Experience may do something in my favour ; your friendly oracles may do more ; the calls of public duty may have their effect.

effect. To conclude, *Time and Chance* happen unto all men; and, through their influence, the hour may arrive when Prelates will eat my soup without fear of contamination, and modest women admit me to their society without apprehending a loss of reputation. Do not be angry with me, I beseech you; it is impossible to treat the subject otherwise: and, if I might add another petition to the many you have already so kindly granted, let me entreat you to give our correspondence a more pleasing and profitable subject, than the failings of,

Your very sincere
and obliged, &c. &c.

LETTER

LETTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

THE World at large is so disposed to generalise, that it is seldom right when it descends into the detail of opinion. It has so many eyes and objects, that, in the act of particularising the sources of its favour or disapprobation, the rectitude or error of its conclusions are both the effect of hazard. I, as you too well know, have been the subject of its severest censure ; but, with all my faults, I have much reason to complain of its precipitate injustice.

Among

Among other instances of its premature indisposition towards me, the circumstance, to which you have alluded with so much humour, is in proof of my assertion ; and, to heighten my mortification at that time, my own family joined the popular cry : so that, in pronouncing all possibility of amendment, the devoted Prodigal was driven to a situation which absolutely precluded him from it.

My Father, in a long detail of my unworthiness, which, with his usual tenderness, he dealt forth to *Harry De Salis*, as a climax to the amiable history, concluded the list of my enormities with declaring that I actually

ually intrigued with three different women of fashion at one and the same time. Without making any comment on the very creditable account given of me, and the favourable picture which his pious Lordship displayed of our first-rate females, permit me to assure you, that neither my prowess with the ladies, nor any foolish, unworthy deed of mine, occasioned the paternal displeasure of that moment. The subject of an occasional morning's reading was the true, but unacknowledged cause of my disgrace. I shall do myself the justice of relating the fact to you in all its circumstances.

You

You must have heard of the celebrated sceptical writer *Claude Anet*. His works, and the prosecution which they brought upon him, have conspired to give his name no small share of public notoriety. It will be also necessary to inform you, that, after the sacred writings, Lord L— — has directed his partial estimation to two popular theological productions. The one details, explains, and observes upon, the Resurrection of Christ; and the other defends the Character and Conduct of the Apostle Paul. The former was written by his dearly beloved friend *Mr. West*;—the latter, by *himself*. The infidel *Claude Anet*, among other matters, thought proper

to give these two publications a particular and separate consideration. He had the abominable impudence to declare, that they were not only deficient in their principles, but that they were logically defective in the means they took to support them : nay, he undertakes to give them arguments superior to any they have used, and then to confute them. On this ground he opens his battery, and makes his attack; nor is he without his partizans among men of learning and talents, as I have been informed, who do not hesitate to assign him the victory. Of this I do not pretend to determine ;—I have, in truth, no genius for that line of criticism. The mode of proceeding,

how-

L

however, must be acknowledged to have been accompanied with an air of insolence and contempt, which might have been the cause of mortification to men of a less sensible fibre than one, at least, of those, against whom it was directed. It had this effect in the extreme: for the Pity of the Christian gave way to the Pride of the Author; and the damnable Sceptic, instead of being the object of fervent prayer that he might be converted from the error of his way, was wasted, in a moment, by his pious Antagonist, to the howling portion of the Devil and his Angels.

In an unlucky hour it was disco-

vered, that this offensive volume was in my possession, and the subject of my occasional meditation ; and from hence arose that unexpected burst of displeasure that fell with so much weight upon me, and which had instant recourse to my graceless life, as the pretended reason for its justification. I do not know a quality of the human mind that is of such an absorbent nature as Vanity : in one disappointed moment it will suck up the virtue of years. If *Claude Anet* had levelled his shafts in a different direction, or I had increased my caution in tracing their course, I might have intrigued with an whole seraglio of women of fashion, without drawing down upon
me

me an atom of that vengeance of which I was the victim. I could not tell the true cause, as it would have encreased, if possible, the irritation against me, without doing any good; and, besides, my authority would have been lighter than a feather, in the public opinion, when put in competition with the power that persecuted me :—for, religious opinions apart, the whole was an abominable persecution.

I never felt so sensibly the inconvenience of a bad character as at this period. Impudence could do but little ; Hypocrisy, which is so thick a garb for half mankind, was not a veil of gauze to me ; and, as

for Repentance, that was not in the reach of ordinary credibility. I was really in the situation of the *Quaker's dog*, who, being caught in the fact of robbing the pantry, was told, in all the complacency of revenge, by his amiable master, "I will not beat thee, nor kill thee, for thy thieving; but I will do worse, for I will give thee a *bad name*;" and immediately, on driving him from the house, alarmed the neighbourhood with the calm assurance that he was a *mad-dog*: so that the poor animal was pursued with the unreflecting brutality usual on such occasions, which soon put an end to his existence.—You may truly apply this story to

Your affectionate, &c.

LETTER THE FORTY SECOND.

YOU must confess, as I am sure you very well know, that one of the great arts, if not the principal one, in acquiring a reputation, as well as preserving it, is, to know the extent of our genius, what objects are most suitable to it, in what track its propensities should be conducted, and at what point to place the limits beyond which it must venture with caution, as well as the *ne plus ultra*, whose barriers it must not venture to pass. The man who possesses this knowledge, and acts according to the dictates of it, will not fail to make a respectable figure

in any station, and with any talents ; but in an high station, and with great talents, he may be secure of familiarizing his name with future ages.

Ambition, an ardent and specious child of Self-love, continually urges men to pursue objects beyond their reach. Avarice, an horrid, unnatural cub of the same origin, and a disgrace to it, takes a track which Reason disdains, and Honour must condemn, to satisfy its desires. Envy delights itself in obstructing the prosperous career of others ; and Folly, dreaming of what it cannot possess, will aim at the wreath of Wisdom. In short, an ignorance
of

of ourselves, from whatever cause it may proceed, whether from passion or want of reflection, is the origin of all our mistakes in private as well as public life. In the former, the mischief may be of narrow extent; but, in the latter, the evil may affect, not only a people, but every quarter of the globe. The grand source of that glory which shone, and will continue to shine, with resplendent lustre on Mr. *Pitt's* administration of this country, till the annals of it are no more, was a right application of means to ends, and, among others, of employing men according to the nature and tendency of their characters and talents. You must perceive the drift

drift of my argument ; that it leads to the defence of my public political conduct since I have succeeded to my office in the constitution.— You tell me of application to business, and of throwing aside a golden sinecure as disgraceful to a real patriot. You counsel me, in the most flattering manner, to claim an arduous post of Government, and, by a vigilant attention to its duties, to make a better return for the emoluments of office, than half a dozen flowery Orations in Parliament, during a winter's session, which are, in your opinion, sufficiently rewarded by the gratifications of my own vanity. This, I must acknowledge, is coming at once, and without ceremony,

mony, to the point ; but think for a moment, and ask yourself, what kind of figure I should make at the desk. Can you imagine that it is in my nature, and, of course, in my capacity, to bear the oppression of such multifarious and eternal business as must claim the attention of an eminent official Statesman? The admirable structure of the British Constitution, its commerce, its interests, and its alliances, have been the objects of my serious enquiry, and attentive consideration. I take continual occasion to watch the changing scene of its political movements : I form, with much thought, my opinions upon them : I deliver those opinions, in my senatorial capacity,

capacity, to the world ; not from the suggestions of a giddy hour, or from the spur of momentary vanity, but from curious research, ardent reflection, and deliberate preparation. To this point my talents, such as they are, must be directed ; and, by having given them, in some degree, their natural direction, I have acquired a political reputation, which would be lost in contempt and derision, were they to be employed in the routine of official employment, and the perplexities of ministerial duty. Besides, if there be any thing which requires a more than Vestal's vigilance, it is the guidance of a principal wheel in the machine of our Government ; and such a continual

tinual attention is foreign to my nature. I might, perhaps, possess it for a certain time, and apply it with zeal, may I not add, with reputation? but my existence would be insupportable, if the intervals of relaxation did not frequently relieve me, when I might retire

*To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neera's hair.*

There is a certain degree of phlegm absolutely necessary to the well-being of society ; but I possess not an atom of it. There is also an ardour of mind that leads to national as well as personal greatness, nor am I without an active flame of it; but it burns by flashes, and possesses
me

me only in common with other contending passions, which, in their turn, command my obedience, and are obeyed. Suffer the stream, I beseech you, to flow in those channels which Nature has designed for it : let it pass sometimes in foaming eddies, and sometimes with a tranquil wave: be content to watch its progress; and, tho' it may now force its angry passage through the divided mountain, your eye may soon behold its chrystal surface reflect the golden harvests and flowery meadows. But, should its natural course be changed, it would be quickly lost in bog and morass; nor ever grow into that extent and grandeur of waters which
many

many rivulets attain before they reach the ocean.

Is there not, in my own family, an immediate circumstance of ridicule which comes in aid of my argument?—My Father, who made a very respectable figure as a Senator, in both Houses of Parliament, and possessed that theoretic political erudition which constituted him an able counsellor of the state, was incapable, as you very well know, of *counting twenty pounds*, if thrown in a promiscuous heap of the different British coins:—nevertheless, he was appointed to preside at the Exchequer, to contrive ways and means, and to run through the combinations of finance,

nance, without that knowledge of arithmetic which is necessary to an overseer of the poor. And what was the consequence? The whole nation was upon the titter during his short-lived administration; nor does any visitor of *Hagley House* pass through the room which is adorned with the Exchequer strong-box, but beholds the empty badge and sad memorial of his ministerial honours with a significant look of wonder, or shrug of disapprobation.

The sage Physician endeavours to meliorate, but not to change, the constitution of his patient, and infuses, by degrees, those wholesome aids which may help to lessen its infirmities.

firmities. The same wise conduct should be pursued in the care of mental health ; and to aim at turning the natural bent of Genius is an application of moral Quackery, which will destroy all fervour of ability, administer an opiate to the faculties of the mind, bring on apathy and torpours, and destroy all intellectual nerve for ever.

Adieu, &c.

LETTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

I Take the opportunity of a sober hour, while every one of the society here, except myself, is happy in the delirium of a fox-chase, to

VOL. II

H

tell

tell you where I am, what I am about, and with whom engaged. The spleen of a gloomy day seized upon my spirits; so I ordered my chaise, and sought the enlivening hospitality of this mansion. To increase our satisfaction, who should arrive an hour after me but your clerical Friend, whose blunt simplicity and unpolished benevolence afforded their usual entertainment.

Parson Adams--- for he has no other name within these walls--- came on Thursday to dinner, and continued with us, in much joy of heart, till Saturday afternoon; when, suddenly awaking from a kind of half-snoring doze, he made a most vociferous and

unex-

unexpected demand if it was not the last day of the week ; and receiving, after some pause of astonishment and laughter, an answer in the affirmative, he rose in haste, examined his pockets with a most anxious vivacity, and then broke the cordage of the bell, in the violence of ringing it. Being requested to explain the meaning of all this agitation, he observed, in a tone of voice which betokened no small disappointment, that as, in truth, it was Saturday, the morrow must, in the natural order of time, be Sunday ; and, as Sunday was the Sabbath-day, it was fitting he should immediately return home, to prepare himself for the

duties of it. The night approached and threatened darkness; it was, therefore, proposed to him to retake the possession of his arm-chair, nor to think of business till the next morning. "My good friends," replied the Doctor, "it becomes me
 "to inform you, that my habitation
 "is fourteen miles distant, and that
 "the church, where I am to officiate
 "to-morrow morning, is exactly in
 "the mid-way; so that, if I remain
 "here till the time you propose, I
 "must ride fourteen miles to fetch a
 "sermon, return seven of the same
 "miles to preach it, and then go
 "over those individual seven miles
 "for the third time to preach the
 "same sermon again, which I take,
 "accor-

“ according to common arithmetic,
 “ to be no less than twenty-eight
 “ miles; and all this riding, with
 “ double duty, will be too much
 “ both for man and beast. I really
 “ thought,” continued our Divine,
 “ that I had equipped myself with
 “ a sermon in order to make the
 “ first church an half-way house on
 “ my return to my own Parish; but
 “ I have either forgot to clap my
 “ divinity in my pocket, or I took
 “ it out accidentally with my to-
 “ bacco-box in my way, and have
 “ unfortunately dropped it in the
 “ road.” He then emptied all his
 pockets one by one, not forgetting
 the side-pocket of his breeches,
 turned them inside out, covered the

floor with a quantity of dry crumbs
 of bread and cheese, looked into
 his tobacco-box, took his watch
 from his fob, poked down two of
 his fingers, examined the lining of
 his coat, and, at length, with a deep
 sigh, and an huge expectoration upon
 his handkerchief, which he had
 thrown upon the ground, he gave it
 up for lost. "It wa," said he,
 "the best discourse I had to my
 "back, and as pretty a piece of
 "supernaculum as ever was inclosed
 "in black covers. It was divided,"
 continued he, "into three parts ;
 "the first was taken from *Clarke*,
 "the second from *Abernetby*, and
 "the third was composed by my-
 "self; and the two practical obser-
 "vations

“ vations were translated from a
 “ Latin Sermon preached and printed
 “ at Oxford in the year of our Lord
 “ 1735.”—On my observing that
 his discourse had as many heads as
Cerberus, he grew warm, and told
 me it was much better to have three
 heads than none at all. “ But,”
 added the Doctor, “ if you wish to
 “ know more of the matter, it had
 “ four beginnings and seven conclu-
 “ sions ; by the help whereof I
 “ preached it, with equal success,
 “ on a Christmas-day, for the bene-
 “ fit of a Charity, at a Florist’s Feast,
 “ an Assize, an Archdeacon’s Visita-
 “ tion, and a Funeral, besides com-
 “ mon occasions.” On this ac-
 count, F— — — observed that it

put him in mind of the mention made, in *Tristram Shandy*, of a Text which would suit any Sermon, and a Sermon which would suit any Text. This the zealous Preacher loudly declared was a false insinuation; for that his text was steady to its post, nor had ever deserted it; and that whoever took him for a man who would hold out a false flag, or change his colours; on any occasion, mistook his character, and did him a very sensible injustice. At this period, the Master of the house returned from a quiet but fruitless examination of his book-case, for the purpose of finding, perchance, some old printed sermon which might have served the Doc-
t_r's.

tor's purpose, prolonged the pleasure of his society, and saved him his dark and dangerous journey. On this disappointment, I ventured to remark, that, as he had given us so many agreeable specimens of his ready Eloquence, it was certainly in his power to treat his flock with an extempore discourse; and I strongly recommended him to adopt my idea, when, he struck me dumb, by hinting to me, in a loud significant whisper, that I was mistaken in supposing it to be as easy a business to preach a sensible discourse on a divine subject, extempore, in a Pulpit, as to talk a precipitate hour of flowery, frothy nonsense, on a political one, in the Parliament.

ment House. At this moment of superiority his horse was announced, and we all attended to hear, rather than to see, him depart, which he did with much horse language, and in a night of triple darkness.

It was now seven o'clock ; our spirits were fled with the parson : we gambled a little, but not with sufficient spirit to keep us awake, till at length supper fortunately arrived to change the scene ; and I had scarce dissected the wing of a capon, when we were all alarmed by a voice from the court, which repeated the cry of " House ! House ! " with uncommon vehemence. We left the table and hurried to the hall-door, when

when the same voice demanded, in the same tone, whether that was the road to *Bridgenorth*! On a reply in the negative, it continued, "I suppose, then, I am at *Davenport House*."—On a second reply in the negative, ——"Then where the Devil am I?" returned the voice, for we could see nothing; but the candles arriving, who should appear but our unfortunate Doctor, who, after wandering about the commons for upwards of three hours, had, by mere chance, returned to us again. We received him in triumph, placed him at the head of the table, where, without grace or apology, or indeed uttering a single word, he seized on the best part of a fowl, with

with a proportionable quantity of ham, and left us to laugh and be merry, while he voraciously devoured his meat, and held his tongue. At length, observing that his clay wanted moistening, and that Punch was a fluid the best adapted of any other to his soil, he did not delay an instant to quench his thirsty frame from a large bowl of that refreshing beverage. The cords of his tongue were now loosened, and he informed us, that Providence, having, as he supposed, for wise and good purposes, intimated to him, by a variety of obstructions, that he should not discharge his usual functions on the morrow, it became him to shew a due resignation to the will of Heaven,

ven, and, therefore, he should send his flocks to graze on the approaching Sabbath. In a similar strain he continued to entertain us, till, wearied with laughter, we were glad to retire. The next morning it was hinted to him that the company did not wish to restrain him from attending upon the divine service of the parish; but he declared that it would be adding contempt to neglect, if, when he had absented himself from his own churches, he should go to any other.—This curious etiquette he strictly observed; and we passed a Sabbath, contrary, I fear, both to Law and Gospel.

In the fulness of his heart, our
Divine

Divine has given us an invitation to dine with him at his parsonage on Thursday next. I expect infinite entertainment from the party; and you may depend, by the succeeding post, to receive the best Hash of it which the Cookery of my pen can afford you. In the mean time, and at all times, I remain,

Yours most affectionately.

LETTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

THE visit is paid, and more than answered the warmest expectations which could be formed in its favour. Our reverend Host had insisted, not, *à la mode de Scarron*, that

that each of his guests should bring his dish, but that they should individually name it. This easy preliminary was readily complied with, and it was my lot to give birth to as excellent a plumb-pudding as ever smoked upon a table ; which, from my adoption, he is resolved, in future, to call a *Lyttelton*. You see what honours wait upon me, and to what solid excellence my title is assimilated. F— — — had named a goose, which he immediately christened after its godfather, who did not quite relish the joke, and could hardly force a laugh, when the rest of the company were bursting. The whole meal was a very comfortable one ; and the Doctor produced us
no

no small quantity of very tolerable wine : his punch was grateful to the nostrils ; but he had made it in a large pewter vessel, so like a two-handled chamber-pot, that my resolution was not equal to the applying of it to my palate.

On its being observed that he must have taken no small pains to procure all the good things before us, he declared that no trouble had attended any one article but the pudding, which, he said, had almost destroyed a pair of black plush breeches, in riding round the country to learn how it should be made in perfection. “ You cannot be ignorant, my Lord,” continued our Divine,

Divine, addressing himself particu-
 larly to me, “ that a plumb-pudding
 “ is nothing more than a pudding,
 “ however it may be composed,
 “ with plumbs added to the other
 “ ingredients; but, apprehensive
 “ that the ordinary skill of our
 “ homely kitchens, in this particular,
 “ might not be agreeable to such
 “ refined palates as yours, I resolved
 “ to traverse the whole neighbour-
 “ hood in order to obtain all neces-
 “ sary intelligence. Every learned
 “ person, to whom I applied, agreed,
 “ as your Lordship may suppose, in
 “ the essential articles of flour and
 “ water, milk and eggs, fuet and
 “ plumbs, or raisins; but the vari-
 “ ety of other articles, which were

“ severally recommended, filled two
 “ pages of my memorandum-book,
 “ and drove me almost to despair,
 “ In the Multitude of Counsellors
 “ I did not, according to the pro-
 “ verb, find Wisdom, but Confusion,
 “ I was successively, alternately, and
 “ separately, advised the addition of
 “ rum, brandy, wine, strong beer,
 “ spices of every sort, chopped liver,
 “ and Holland’s gin.—With this
 “ load of multifarious intelligence,
 “ I hastened to the market-town,
 “ furnished myself with every ingre-
 “ dient my own little storehouse did
 “ not possess, and returned home
 “ jaded, fatigued, and my pockets
 “ laden with the produce of all
 “ quarters of the globe. But another
 “ im-

“important labour,” added the
 Doctor, “succeeded in the consulta-
 “tion about the choice and due mode
 “of applying the hoard of grocery
 “and variety of liquors which were
 “displayed in form on the kitchen
 “dresser : it was a solemn business,
 “for *the Lord had commanded it*.
 “Consultation, however, begot dif-
 “ference of opinion, and difference
 “of opinion brought on dispute ;
 “so that I was at length obliged to
 “interpose my authority ; and, to
 “shorten the business, I ordered all
 “the various articles, consisting of
 “more than a dozen in number, to
 “be employed without favour or
 “affection. The motley mixture
 “was accordingly made, and as every

“ person consulted seemed to agree,
 “ that the longer it boiled the better
 “ it would prove, I ordered it to
 “ be put in the pot at midnight,
 “ and sent for a famous nurse in
 “ the neighbourhood to sit up with
 “ it, and, with a Vestal’s vigilance,
 “ to keep in the fire till the family
 “ arose. In this state of concoc-
 “ tion the pudding remained till
 “ after the arrival of this good com-
 “ pany, who, I hope, will be so pre-
 “ judiced in its favour, from the
 “ Herculean labour which produced
 “ it, as to attack its circumference
 “ with Herculean appetites.”—Here
 ended the culinary oration, and, as
 I before observed, the subject of
 it contained unrivalled excellence;
 and,

and, tho' we laughed at it and over it, we did not fail to cause a very apparent diminution of its ample dimensions. — Thus, my dear friend, we eat and laughed, and drank and laughed, till night stole imperceptibly upon us; when our hospitable host informed us, that he had two beds and a cradle in his own house, and that he had prepared three others at two neighbouring Farmers: so that we might be at rest, as to our lodging, nor like him encounter the perils of a darksome night. The Squires, added he, must adjourn to my neighbours; my two beds will serve the Peer and the Baronet, and I myself will take to the cradle. Now, this Cradle, which caused us

no little mirth, and will, I presume, have a similar effect upon you, who are acquainted with the huge figure which was to occupy it,—this Cradle, I say, is a most excellent moveable for a small house. It is made of a sufficient size to hold an infant six feet in length, can be placed any where, and will enable an hospitable spirit to supply a friend with a lodging when his beds are engaged. If I had not been fearful of affronting our Divine, I should have indulged my curious fancy by going to roost in it ; but the best bed was prepared for me, and the fine Holland sheets, which, probably, had not been taken out of the
sweet-

sweet-scented puffs for many a month, were spread for my repose: nor would my slumbers have been suspended for a moment, if the linnen had not produced so strong an effluvia of rosemary, that I almost fancied myself in a coffin, and wrapped in a winding-sheet. But Fatigue soon got the better of Fancy; and I awoke the next morning to Life and Spirits, but not to Immortality.

Before I bid you adieu, permit me to add a singular example of complimentary repartee, which our friendly host, very unexpectedly, addressed to me, previous to our departure.

As I was looking out of the parlour window, from whence nothing is to be seen but a black, dreary heath, he asked me how I liked the prospect. I answered, that, from its wild appearance, if *Nebuchadnezzar* had been doomed to pasture in his environs, he must have died of hunger. And if that Prince, replied the Doctor, had been sentenced to have passed his *savage years* in your park at *Hagley*, he need not have regretted the loss of a throne, or wished a return to the enjoyment of his human functions.—At this period of self-importance, which, in the very description, returns upon me, you cannot be surprized if I take my leave.——Adieu!

LETTER

LETTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

My dear — —,

IT gives me no small satisfaction to be assured, that my two last letters have afforded you the satisfaction it was their office to communicate. The rural Divine plays a most admirable part in the jovial interludes of provincial society. It is a pleasant circumstance to meet occasionally with a man, whose humour, sense, and foible, are so blended, that, while he possesses the pleasant mixture of simplicity and vanity, which bars him from distinguishing when you laugh with him or at him,—you may give a loose

loose to the whole of your mirthful dispositions, without any restraint from the fear of giving offence.— Our reverend Friend told B— —, that he is in no small disgrace with his parishioners for entertaining so great a Sinner as I am; and that one of them, who had seen me at *Kidderminster*, declares throughout the neighbourhood that I have a *cloven-foot*.—I am not without my expectations that equal vouchers will be produced for my tail and horns, and then the Devil will be compleat.

At length, the grave and anxious occupations of worldly wisdom succeed to mirth and jollity. The Interest of Money, and the Value of
Lives,

Lives, together with Trusts and Securities, are the subjects of my present meditations. To explain myself, I am considering a plan for easing my estate of the jointures to the two Dowager Lady Lytteltons,---for they are both so in fact,---by making a purchase of equivalent annuities for their *valuable* lives. Fortune has been kind to me, and I will for once win your applause, by applying her gifts to sensible purposes. To use a news-paper species of portraiture, what think you of the picture of a young nobleman offering the Favours of Fortune on the Altar of Wisdom, by the present *Lord Lyttelton*. If this idea should be compleated,---and, I assure you,
the

the dead colouring is disappearing; apace,---will you place the painting in the cabinet of your mind, in the room of the picture which you designed, and have so often retouched, of that self-same nobleman sacrificing the Gifts of Nature to Folly, Vice, and Intemperance.

I trust and believe, that a fordid thirst after money will never be added to the catalogue of my failings. It is true, that the love of Play proceeds from the Desire of Gain ; and is, therefore, said to be founded on an avaricious principle. If this be fact, Avarice is the universal passion ; for I will venture to affirm, that, more or less, we are all Game-

Gamesters by Nature. But the desire of winning money for the sake of spending it, and encreasing the joys of life, is one thing ; and the ardour of acquiring it, in order to lock it up, and render it useless, is another.

*Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From Heav'n: for e'en in Heav'n his
looks and thoughts
Were always downwards bent, admiring
more
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden
gold,
Than ought divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific.——*

I remain, most truly, &c-

I cannot, at present, give a correct answer to your enquiry ; but, from the recollection of the moment,

ment, the only inscriptions written or corrected by my Father, in the Temple of British Worthies at Stow, are those beneath the Bustos of *Locke, Pope, and Sir John Bernard*:—but I will take an opportunity of satisfying you with a more accurate information.

LETTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.

A — —, by no means, deserves your pity; and the conduct which I have, of late, used, and shall continue to use, towards him, arises from my perfect knowledge of his character, and the remembrance of his former treatment of myself.

I told

I told you long ago, when my Bul-rush hung its head, that, high as this Gentleman then bore himself, the time would come when he would hang his head in his turn, and bend his back for me to tread upon. All this and more is now come to pass.

You express your surprize that he does not discover some degree of resentment on the occasion of his last journey to *Hagley*. The Fever of that business flushed him with no small hope, and the succeeding Ague shook him with disappointment; but he had the prudence to conceal his symptoms, and I left him to cure himself. He may bluster in a Guard-room with new-commissioned Ensigns,

Ensigns, and, in the leisure of a Tilt-yard Duty, may weave fanciful wreaths of future Fame; nay, he may venture to give his name to the world in a News-paper, or the Title-page of a miserable Poem; but the prowess of our Hero will go no farther. If I were to bid him go to the *Pomona* of *Hocknel* for a pippin, he would not hesitate a moment, and would burn his fingers, willingly, in roasting it; and, when I had eaten the pulp, he would content himself with the core.

*All this my little Greek exactly knows;
And bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes.*

If, however, your obstinate humanity should look towards such an object, have a little patience, and
he

he will give you an opportunity for the full exercise of it.—I am in the secret ; but I shall not gratify his vanity by betraying it. After all, I find him convenient, and to my purpose. He is ready, submissive, and not without amusement. If he were to die, I should say with *Shakespeare, I could have better spar'd a better man.*

At this moment, he is sitting on the other side of my table, in the act of making some of his own bad poetry worse, in which agreeable business, I may, perhaps, be kind enough to give him some assistance. You would not, probably, have suspected him in so close a vicinity to

me; but it is the fact: and when I have folded up my letter, he shall enclose it in its *envelope*, and set the seal to this certificate of his own good qualities; nay, I will make him direct it into the bargain. Your pence, it is true, will suffer for this whim of mine, but the revenue will be a gainer; a circumstance which must satisfy you as a Patriot, on the truly political idea of making Polls productive to the State. You may observe, however, and with some reason, that every one should pay for his own. To such a remark I have nothing to answer, but that I am,

Your sincere and faithful, &c.

LET-

LETTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

I Shall expect you with impatience, and am much flattered that you can leave the society of your Friend C—— for the sake of yielding to my solicitations. Is it beyond the reach of your influence to persuade him to accompany you? I am apprehensive, that he may have some scruples in being a guest of mine; but, if he will accord me that honour, I will assume the virtue, tho' I have it not, and he shall find nothing *chez moi* which shall give the least offence to the tranquil purity of his character. Perhaps you will be my guarantee

K 2

upon

upon the occasion. We were at *Eton* together, tho' not in any particular intimacy ; and since that time I had once the pleasure of dining with him. I happened by chance to be present when he proposed to give an *Etonian* dinner : his politeness led him to invite me, and the party was most pleasant and classical. A particular circumstance of it I shall never forget. One of the company, who had done honour to his table by indulging a very voracious appetite, when the desert was served, thought proper to recollect the deficiency of a dish of fish which had been promised him, and, in the true vein of gorged disappointment

ment, reproached your friend for his forgetfulness. The reply was singular, affecting, and, to the best of my recollection, as follows :

“ When I met you this morning,”
 said Mr. C——, “ I was proceeding
 “ to *Temple-bar* for the purpose of
 “ expending an allotted trifle in a
 “ Turbot ; but, a few minutes after,
 “ I received an unwilling appli-
 “ cation from a very distressed per-
 “ son, to whom a Guinea was far
 “ more necessary than the addition
 “ of one particular dish to a plentiful
 “ dinner would be to you, and
 “ you very well know the strict
 “ regulations of my Exchequer.
 “ It is true,” continued he, “ that
 “ you have lost your Fish ; but it is

“equally true, that, from the same
 “cause, a poor unfortunate fellow-
 “creature has lost his Despair. Be-
 “sides, the relish of the Turbot
 “must have long been superseded
 “on your Palate, and I have added
 “a pleasure to my Heart which will
 “last for ever.”——He expressed
 himself with much more ease and
 simplicity than I have done; and I
 was so affected, that, had I then
 enjoyed my present Affluence, I
 should have instantly subscribed to
 hospitals, and gone about in search
 of doing good. But, alas! these
 thoughts, morally speaking, of my
 better days, have been rendered
 fruitless in the succession of evil
 habits; and I know not where I
 shall

shall find a restorative, unless the society of your friend should renew its former influence over me.

Another circumstance of a very different nature occurs to me from the recollection of that day's pleasure. Poor *John Damer* was one of the company. He has made a strange exit in a strange manner. We were at *Eton* and in Italy together, and, at subsequent periods, in the habits of friendly connection. Few of those who knew him have been more gloomily affected by the melancholy event than myself. I have been informed, that the King has exerted his royal influence to prevent the publication of *David*

Hume's posthumous treatise in defence of Self-Murder. I am well convinced, that his Majesty has acted with his accustomed regard to the welfare of his people, in procuring the suppression of a work dangerous to society, and in direct opposition to evangelical precept: but, for my own part, I cannot conceive, that any man, in this period of the world, could ever be argued into putting a willing end to his existence, unless some circumstances of ill-fortune, some malady of the mind, or some torturing disease of the body, more than co-operated with the arguments of the reasoning fatalist. *Montesquieu* does not write like himself upon the

the subject ; and *Rousseau*, who seems purposely not to answer his own arguments in favour of Suicide, defends it with sentiment, instead of reason. Many examples are given, in the works of different writers, of amazing coolness in the act of Self-destruction, which represent the stroke as having been given in youth, health, and prosperity. I cannot trust to appearances in these or any similar examples ; nor can I believe, that the *mens sana in corpore sano*, with the comforts of life, ever could submit to an act of such dreadful uncertainty. I have, sometimes, taken up the argument in favour of Self-murder, by way of supporting an opinion, exercising
a talent,

a talent, or convincing a fool; but I will, honestly, acknowledge, that the weakest of my antagonists have ever got the better of me on this subject, tho' I might not perhaps publish my conviction. Virgil's picture of the after-misery of those whose hands have given a prematurity to their end, would stagger the utmost sophistry of erring reason.

—————*Quam vellent atbere in alto
Pauperiem pati et duros perferre labores!*

Despair, as it arises from very different and opposite causes, has various and distinct appearances. It has its rage, its gloom, and its indifference; and while, under the former,

former, its operations acquire the name of Madness, under the latter it bears the title of Philosophy.—Poor *John Damier* was no Philosopher; and yet he seems to have taken his leap in the dark with the marks both of an Epicurean and a Stoic. He acted his part with coolness, and sought his preparation in the mirth of a brothel.

This is an awful subject; and, in casting my eye over what I have hastily written upon it, I observe some inaccuracies which I should be glad to correct. But it is not my office, nor is it in my pretensions, to instruct you.—When you are here, I will amuse you with a pamphlet,

pamphlet, which, without that particular view, is a compleat physical, or rather anatomical, reply to those who defend the right of Self-murder. It is a treatise on the *Ganglions of the Nerves*, by a *Doctor Johnstone*, a physician in my neighbourhood. It is written with the pen of a scholar, and possesses throughout a most perspicuous ingenuity. This Gentleman attended my Father in his last illness ; and was not only his Physician, but his Confessor.

Your letter to me consists of four lines, and I have returned as many pages. This kind of illegal interest is not after my usual fashion ;
but

but your kindness deserves an hundred fold from,

Your affectionate, &c.

LETTER THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

YOU are not the only one of my many criticising friends, who have expressed their surprize at my taking so kindly to the *Surry Dell*, and becoming so dead to rural magnificence as to neglect *Hagley's* gaudy scene and proud domain. C— — H— —, in one of her visits to this place, told me that I looked like a toad in an hole. Be that as it may, it is shady, elegant, convenient, luxuriant,

luxurious, and snug ; a term peculiar to English comfort, and not translatable into any other language. Besides, a villa is a necessary appendage to that rank whose dignity you so often recommend me to maintain ; and in what spot could a British Peer find a more delightful retreat than mine to solace himself in the interval of public duty ? Or where is the *Ægerian* grot, in whose auspicious solitude he could better hold his secret counsels with the guardian Genius of his Country. But, *badinage* apart, its vicinity to the Metropolis is one of its principal recommendations ; and to a man of my tendencies, a Cottage at *Pimlico* is preferable

able to a Palace in the distant Counties. Here I find no inconvenience in a rainy day : the means of dissipating a gloomy temper are within my beckon. If I wish to be alone, I can shut my gates and exclude the world ; or, if I want society, my post-chaise will quickly bear me hence, or fetch it here. On the contrary, *Hagley*, which is, certainly, an Elysian scene, uniting in itself grandeur, beauty, and convenience, does not possess any of these advantages ; and I might die there of *ennui*, before any thing like the necessary remedy could be found. In that spot, all delightful as it is, I cannot enjoy the advantage of the society which I prefer ;

fer ; nor, when I am tired of company, is it possible for me to be alone. The neighbourhood is extremely populous ; manufacturing towns surround me on all sides ; turnpike-roads environ me ; and the prospect, from every window in my house, glares with such a variety of intruding objects, that I have been often thankful to the shades of night for giving me to tranquillity and to myself. Besides, the Parish-Church is in my park ; and I have more than once awoke from brilliant dreams, by the cackling of gossips in full trot to a christening : nay, I have sometimes shuddered to see on my splendid lawns the dirges due and sad array
of

of the rustic funeral. — But this is not all. Coaches full of travellers of all denominations, and troops of holiday neighbours, are hourly chasing me from my apartments, or, by strolling about the environs, keep me a prisoner in it. The Lord of the Place can never call it his for a day during the finer part of the year. Nor am I proud, as others have been, of holding myself forth to the complimentary envy of those who come to visit it. My pride is not of that complexion; and the consciousness of possessing the first place of its kind in Europe, is a sufficient satisfaction to me, without shewing

any preference to it as a rural residence.

The little spot from whence I have the pleasure to address you, has won my fondest attachment. H — — left me this morning. We passed the whole of yesterday evening in searching into the nature of the soul, and contriving ways and means for the final dissolution of the world. We are neither of us qualified to make any great figure in Astronomy or Metaphysics ; nevertheless, we became very familiar with the heavenly Bodies, and discoursed, with a most imposing gravity, on Matter and Spirit. We exercised all our
inge-

ingenuity to find out in what part of the human frame the soul had fixed her abode, but were totally unable to make the discovery, till our friend, with his usual singularity of thought, determined it to be in every part where there is sensation, and, particularly, in those parts where sensation is most exquisite. But, as it is much easier to pull down systems than to establish them, we destroyed the Globe, and all that it inherits, with surprizing expedition. A Comet was seized upon by both of us, at the same moment, as the engine to be employed in the tremendous conflagration. The contest for the originality of this idea was carried

on, with equal zeal, between us, for some time, which my Antagonist concluded by introducing another very interesting subject for enquiry: Whether the great Day of Judgment was to precede, accompany, or follow, this great event of the world's dissolution? In the course of his harangue, he rose to such a fervour of thought, delivered such forcible language, and intermingled such striking expressions from the Scriptures, that he grew pale beneath his own conceptions. The alarm was contagious, and made my blood curdle in its veins. I verily believe, if a rattling thunder-storm had immediately followed his oration, that

our

our confusion would have been too serious to have admitted of an acknowledgement. The two Ladies, who composed our audience, were thrown into such a terror of mind, that I began to apprehend the evening's amusement would have concluded in sending two handsome and useful women to the *Magdalen*. My house, with all its advantages, is not calculated for the actual work of contrition, tho' it may prepare the way for it; and if such a scene of repentance had really happened, it would have constituted an æra in my life sufficient to seduce the attention of mankind from all the past singularities of it.

I remain, &c.

L 3

LET-

LETTER THE FORTY-NINTH.

My dear — —,

I HAVE obeyed your commands, and read, with a very continued attention, *Des Recherches sur le Despotisme Oriental*. The author is a person of considerable erudition, active thought, and lively imagination. He steers his vessel with no common address on the ocean of Conjecture, and I have beheld his course with much admiration. But, tho' he may help to forward an advanced progress in Infidelity, I cannot flatter him with the supposition that he alone has ever made an Infidel. The Paradox of primitive Theocracies, I believe, is not a new one, tho' he may have given it a novelty of examination,

2

mination, and branched it forth into a variety of new ramifications. A writer, who strikes at the very root of Sacred History, which has been an object of faith to so great a part of the more enlightened world for such a course of ages, and possesses the support of collateral Tradition, as well as a supernatural strength of internal Evidence,—such an author, I say, should produce something more than Hypothesis, tho' supported by the most *colossal* strength of human Erudition: nay, it may not be the least, among the many arguments in favour of the Sacred Writings, that nothing but Hypothesis can be brought against them. A Faith of some thousand years is not to be de-

stroyed by the elaborate, but artificial Conjectures of a modern Infidel. I will oppose to your ingenious Frenchman the learned Mr. *Bryant*, of our own country, whose late splendid publication is an honour to our age and nation. The *Gallic* Infidel must sink into nothing before the veteran abilities of our English Believer.—These casual thoughts, my dear friend, are my own; and you may be assured, that I have not stolen them from any pious page of my Father's manuscript lucubrations.

But I shall quit a subject, which is not in the ordinary line of my enquiries, and whereon I can only hazard a few occasional thoughts, from
the

the uninformed reflections of the moment, to thank you for the very judicious and elegant manuscript which you have entrusted to my perusal. It has all my praise. The dialogue is natural ; the language chaste ; the characters finely discriminated ; the sentiments admirably appropriated ; and the moral, if I may use the expression, irresistably proposed to the business and bosom of the reader. I will hope that you will continue to gild your leisure hours with such delightful amusements, and that your philanthropic spirit will give them to instruct and improve mankind.

What think you of bringing Mrs.
Montague

Montague and *Miss Carter* upon your charming Theatre ? The similitude of those ladies characters in some points, and their dissimilitude in others, would be finely pourtrayed by your pen, and might give you an opportunity of determining the just merits and standard of a literary female. The one is an highly-instructed, accomplished woman, possessed of great affluence, who indulges herself in a chaste display of fashionable as well as literary elegance, makes her drawing-room the *Lyceum* of the day, maintains a luxurious hospitality for the votaries of that science which she loves, and patronizes the learning which she has herself adorned. The other, in a state
of

of contented mediocrity, is humble as tho' she knew nothing, while she is not only the most learned Woman of any age, but one of the most learned persons of that in which she lives. The pure, sublime Genius, which never swerves from Virtue, accompanies her in the paths of rigid Discretion, and is contented to slumber, while its favourite Votary is employed in the daily, habitual exercise of domestic duties. This colloquy should take place between Justice, accompanied by Vanity enforcing reward, and Merit, attended by Modesty, who will scarce suffer an acceptance. They must be made to contend, not for their own, but each other's genius and virtue ; and
the

the scene may conclude with a well-decorated notice of that handsome Independence which the former has attached to the valuable life of the latter. The whole, in your hands, will form a most entertaining, instructive, and exemplary picture. —Forgive my impertinence, I beseech you;—but the idea came across me, and I could not resist the vanity of offering it to you.

After all, except in some few instances, I am not very partial to *literary ladies*: they are, generally, of an impertinent, encroaching disposition; and almost always bring to my mind the *female Astronomer*, who, after plying her nocturnal telescope,
for

for a long series of months, and had raised the lealoufy, as well as the expectations, of the male star-gazers, declared her only object was to discover if there were *men* in the moon.

I am, with great regard,
and admiration, &c.

LETTER THE FIFTIETH.

My dear Lord,

I AM not so dull of apprehension as to be deceived by your elegant Irony on the drawings of naked figures, which you have accidentally seen in their preparation for my cabinet. As works of art, they have a claim

a claim to real admiration, as being exquisite copies of Nature in her most beautiful and interesting appearance. This you readily acknowledge ; but seem rather to hint at the very great impropriety of suffering such representations to be held forth to public view. In the application, at least, this idea of your Lordship's is somewhat erroneous : these designs are destined to be the ornaments of my private Dressing-room, a *sanctum sanctorum*, into which they alone are admitted, whose steady virtue or experience of the world will enable them to look, without any immoral sensation, on the works of a far more lascivious pencil than that which I have employed.

The

The arguments which you have directed against my Drawings, might be turned, with no small success, against the creative arts of Painting and Sculpture. I really feel a vast weight of matter rushing upon me ; but, for your sake, I will resist its impulse, and acknowledge with you, that a different species of decoration is more suitable to common apartments, where promiscuous companies of either sex and every age are received ; tho' a copy of *Titian's Venus*, and the naked Boys of *Dominichino*, grace your With-drawing-room ; not forgetting the Sacrifice to *Priapus*, which is a principal ornament of your Library. You have had the precaution, it is true, to

hang

hang a curtain before the former, which, I do insist, by tempting the guesses of curious and sportive fancies, to say no worse, is a more actual promoter of blushing reflections, than the most open exposure of those naked charms that are obscured by it. Indeed, my Lord, yours is a false delicacy as applied to me, and unjust as proceeding from one who is himself guilty of similar and even worse practices. I really should have supposed, that an Enthusiasm for the fine Arts, and the repeated Tour of Italy, would have taught you better. The *elegantium formarum spectator* is a character, that, I should imagine, would ever command your esteem : nor could it
have

have entered into my belief, that you, who look with such frequent admiration on your fine set of Engravings after, if I mistake not, the *Duke of Marlborough's* valuable cabinet of antique Gems, would have ventured at any thing like a remonstrance on my far more inanimate Seraglio.

The unfledged Youth, who begins to feel an unknown something running through his veins, for a short time might be affected by such unveiled representations; but to Men of our Age and Experience, they would rather serve to create indifference, by continually presenting to us images of those objects, whose

VOL. II. M novelty

novelty is one of the principal causes of their influence upon us. Some of the ancient nations exhibited the different sexes naked to each other, in order to smother that inflammatory sensibility of Nature which you suppose the paintings of naked beauty, continually before my eyes, must be capable of continually inspiring. Upon my word, you give me a combustible temperament which I do not possess; and, if you judge of me, in this particular, from yourself, I give your Lordship joy of the very great advantage you have over me. Without entering further into the argument, which, if duly pursued, of a moderate letter would make a long treatise, I shall
only

only observe, that the Mode of Dress, now adopted by our women of fashion, is more seducing and inflammatory, and has a more direct tendency to call forth loose Affections in our sex, than any painted Representation of female Beauty, tho' finished by the exquisite pencil of *Titian* himself. Your Lordship's *Venus* reposes, with little interruption, behind her curtain; while the Ladies of the World unfold to every eye that share of their charms which are best calculated to seduce it, and to fill the fancy with the idea of more winning beauties, which the Mantle of Fashion does not, as yet, disdain to cover.

I called at your door to laugh

M 2

with

with you upon the subject of your reproof; and, tho' you had taken your flight to Bath, I was resolved that you should not escape me.— Perhaps, you have not heard of *Cosway's* misfortune. In a pitched battle with his *Monkey*, he has been completely worsted, and now keeps his bed from the wounds he received in the combat. I have, however, the pleasure to tell you, that the hand of your little *Raphael* has escaped the fury of his antagonist, and is still reserved to delight every lover of its art; but, as there is a grievous laceration in one of his leg, there is some reason to fear that the important Strut may be lost for ever.

I am, with great regard, &c.

LET.

LETTER THE FIFTY-FIRST.

I PLEAD guilty to a very trifling part of the charge which you bring against me; but I peremptorily deny that the accusing Lady is a woman of Virtue. Do you believe that every wife, who does not advance into the guilt of Adultery, is a virtuous character? Is it your opinion, that every unmarried Lady, who does not keep an handsome footman, or make an occasional retreat into the country, to drink asses milk for a dropſy, has a right to boast of Chastity? Alas! Sir, I know many of these, and hear daily of more, who, tho'

M

they

they have not been guilty of what is pre-eminently called a criminal deviation from the nuptial Vow or virgin Honour, possess more unchaste minds, than many of those forlorn wretches who gain their daily bread by the miserable trade of nocturnal prostitution.

Your artful, angry, or disappointed Relation,---for I have not yet decided which of these epithets is most applicable to her present situation,--- makes out a strange and horrid story from the ordinary occurrence of an accidental half-hour's *tête-à-tête*. I found her, *par hazard*, alone, and in those spirits which seemed to ask for that kind of libertine

bertine *badinage*, which, in her more sober humour, would not have been exerted. The idle raillery was parried by her with much skill and coquetry: she neither retired into another room, nor rung for a servant to shew me the door, or even discovered a gleam of disapprobation by a moment's gravity. On the contrary, she pressed my longer stay, and, at my departure, reproached me from the infrequency of my visits. But, stung with the mortification that her upbraidings were thrown away, (excuse, I beseech you, the necessary vanity of my justification,) she has thought proper to cry aloud against me, to revenge what she might consider as a neglect, or,

M 4

perhaps,

perhaps, to make the world believe that she was still capable of inspiring such a violence of passion, which, in her history, so irresistably impelled me to make an adventurous attack upon her virtue. It really concerns me, that you should be, at once, the engine of her malicious rage, and the dupe of your own amiable credulity. Her threats, tho' they were to take her own shape, would not alarm me; but she knows too much of the wicked world to put them in execution:—believe me, my friend, she will not give her many enemies such an advantage over her.

I shall plead guilty, in a more
general

general manner, to another charge which your accusing spirit has brought against me,—that I have a decided ill opinion of our cotemporary Women in high Life. The corruption of the present times is in no degree so strongly marked as by the modern profligacy of female manners. Examine the catalogue of those Ladies, whose rank, beauty, accomplishments, or fortune, give them an influence in the great world, and then tell me what you think of the present state of superior female character. Is their Rank employed to give an Example to the inferior orders? Is their Beauty exerted in the various services of Virtue? Are their Accomplishments exercised in

con-

confirming and prolonging the duration of virtuous Affection? and Is their Fortune taxed with Relief to Poverty, Encouragement to Arts, or Protection to Science, otherwise than in subservience to the caprices of Fashion? Is a Simplicity of character visible in female Youth after fourteen years of age? and Does not the Reign of Coquetry commence before, and oftentimes long before, that period? Trace the course of fashionable Education from the Cradle to the Altar; examine with attention the efforts and views of maternal Tenderneſs, in the circle of your own ſociety; and tell me where is that Perfection of female Character to be found,-- for it might
every

every where exist,---which can awe the most dissolute into Respect and Admiration. You must very well know, that the Passion of the most empashioned is very rarely indeed so irresistible as to inflame with the design of carrying the fortress of Chastity by a *coup de main*; and whenever such attempts are made, it is some visible breach in the out-works which encourages to that fierce mode of conquest. A chaste, virtuous Woman is an awful character; something supernatural seems to surround and shroud her from the profane approaches of Seduction. Innocence may be seduced, and Ignorance may be deceived; but Chastity, founded on the firm basis
of

of pure Virtue, holds forth to the eye of the most artful, as well as the most rampant Lust, the repulsive evidence of impregnable security.

You must well remember where we dined together not many weeks ago ; nor can it have been possible for you to forget the friendly apprehensions which our Hostess expressed lest the house of Commons should detain Mr. — —, as she was sure Lady — — — would not be in tolerable humour, if he was not of the party. At length, however, they both came, were carefully placed together at table, and seemed in perfect contentment. Now, all this pretty business was managed in
chaste

chaste society, and in a virtuous house; nevertheless, it appeared to me, that the Mistress of it, even in the presence of her daughters, did little less than promote the progress of Adultery. This, you see, is so common an arrangement, that Mrs. — —, who holds herself forth as a woman of renowned discretion, considered it as a matter of course. I wonder much that you will suffer such rare Virtue, as dwells in that most amiable woman whom you possess, to risk the taint of such societies.

I would forgive the artifice of Dress, and the little hypocrisies of personal Decoration: they originate from

from a desire to please, and can never produce any fatality of deception. But the wearing a Mask upon the Mind, and the giving a fallacious appearance to Character, is a Forgery that becomes, oftentimes, more fatal to Happiness and Honour than a crime of the same title which never finds mercy. How many women are there now flaunting about our world, who have made use of the falsest pretences to obtain a settlement and an husband; and, when they have succeeded, not only throw aside the painted veil which covered them, but laugh at the poor hapless dupe who reproaches their duplicity!

*They daub their tempers o'er with waxes
As artificial as their faces:*

and

and while some of them condescend to appear charming, both in mind and person, to all the World, Poor *Benedick*, who possesses the envied privilege of going behind the Curtain, alone sees the decomposition of that Beauty and Virtue which leaves not a look or a wish to please behind them.

That excellent woman, whom you have the supreme happiness to call your own, is, as I have been told, the only one of her sex who deigns to say a word in my favour. The reason, my dear Sir, is evident: she is the only one I know who possesses a sufficient share of real, intrinsic

intrinsic Virtue, to keep me, in her presence, in the most patient and satisfactory decorum. Those charms which, while they allure, correct, and while they delight, improve, are of rare growth; and it becomes the interest of a corrupt world to employ its contagion to their destruction. This is a language which you might not expect from such an incorrigible sinner as I am; but believe me, it is that of all the tribe when Reason resumes her lucid interval: and if the women of coquetry, vanity, and intrigue, knew how much their most devoted, admired, and familiar favourites, at times, despise and speak of them, they would have recourse to the Sincerity
of

of Virtue, to obtain honest praise,
real admiration, and solid pleasure.

It will afford me no small satisfaction to hear that I have laid your spirit of Censure, and that on this subject at least it will haunt me no more: for, tho' public Severity hardens me more and more against public Opinion, I should ever wish to justify myself to you, when I possess any means of justification.—You will do me the favour to present my very sincere respects to Mrs. — —, and receive the affectionate regard of,

Your faithful, &c.

LETTER THE FIFTY-SECOND.

I Wished, for many reasons, that you could have accompanied me hither; but another is now added to the number, by an unpleasant indisposition that has hung upon me for some time; and, tho' it does not keep me at home, it deprives me of any and every enjoyment when I go abroad. I want you to console me, to assist my present tendency to grave speculations, and to behold me an example of your favourite proposition, that man is a superstitious animal. A being continually agitated by hopes and fears,

fears, is naturally disposed to consider every trivial occurrence as an omen of his good or evil fortune. The hot and cold fits of life, from one or other of which we are seldom free, keep the mind in that tremulous state of suspense which makes Reason subservient to the sickly power of Imagination. Common Superstition is awakened by the eager pursuit of the most common objects, and is particularly visible in those who attend upon the nightly orgies of the God of Game; where the force of lucky and unlucky omens is strongly, as well as universally, impressed.

Women, and Men who resemble

N 2

Women,

Women, are supposed, from extreme fear of disappointment, to be very generally disposed to the habit of drawing idle consequences from every trivial event. But wherefore do I venture an imputation against the weaker sex, or the less resolute part of my own, when a moment's reflection convinces me that the strongest mind cannot always resist the same influence; and that it is not in the utmost perfection of human nature to boast a perfect superiority over it. The wide extent of antiquity is full of it: the flight of birds, and the entrails of beasts, determined the fate of kings and the prosperity of nations. The vision of the night,

night, and the awakening hour, gave a colour of good or evil to the succeeding day; and the unwieldy code of proverbial Wisdom is indebted for its bulk to the liberal aid of pregnant Superstition: nay, were I to explore the modern and more rational system of later ages, it would only be tracing a more extensive chart of human credulity.

This propensity of the mind, which is trifling and transitory in the course of ordinary occurrences, becomes a grievous and oppressive weight, when, from the frowns of Fortune, or the languors of Disease, it passes from this world to another.

When the frame begins to discover symptoms of decay, when its pains and debility fix the gloomy idea of an eternal separation upon a mind unused to similar, or, perhaps, any serious contemplations, there is no alternative but stoical Apathy or fanciful Superstition. I am not disposed to admit the possibility of the former, or, at least, it is beyond the reach of my nature to attain it; I must, therefore, submit to the latter, and endeavour to shelter my weakness under that of all mankind in all ages of the world.

Will you believe me, when I tell you, that, in a morning's ride, which

which conducted me by some of the tremendous fires employed in the manufactories in my neighbourhood, I shuddered at the sight of their angry flames, and expressed my sensations to the young lady I accompanied, in such a manner, as to make her cheek pale as my own — It has been observed by some wicked wit, and I believe by *Voltaire*, --- for the thought is of his cast, --- that, on the morning of the *thirtieth* of *January*, every Sovereign in Europe rises with a *crick* in his neck. Now, you may apply this idea, for your amusement, to the alarms I have just described. I am sinner enough to justify the application, and am, at present, humble enough

to acknowledge the truth of it. The same shrewd genius declared, when he was out of humour with a certain race of kings, *que tous les Bourbons craignent le diable*: nevertheless,---for I am determined to be even with him,---if any credit is to be given to general and uniform report, the lively satirist was himself subject to certain fits of despondency, when he suffered severely from similar apprehensions. *Mors instans numina majora facit.*

Tranquillity, I am told, is absolutely necessary for the restoration of my body; but, in submitting to the proposed remedy for my corporal infirmities, I shall certainly
acquire

acquire all the horrors of intellectual disease, if you do not hasten to console me. If you refuse me your temporal comforts, I shall be under the necessity of applying to the Reverend *John Westley*, who, according to the Birmingham paper, is preaching about the neighbourhood, to assist me with his spiritual Elixir.

— — was here last week, and happy beyond expression in the full enjoyment of rural luxury; but the beautiful scenes which filled his mind with such mad and mortifying delight, are viewed, by my jaundiced eye, with less than
indif-

indifference :—tho', when he ex-
claimed,

Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes;
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius; —————

a moment's feeble inspiration ena-
bled me to add,

————— O ubi campi,
Sperchiusque, et virginibus bacchata Lacanis
Taygeta ! —————

Adieu, and believe me, &c. &c.

I have this moment received a
letter from — —, which proves
him to be the most ungrateful
villain in existence. This con-
viction has, I believe, forced an
unexpected glow upon my wan
countenance. It may be for the
best,

(187)

best, that my immediate indisposition prevents me from honouring the rascal with a reproach.

LETTER THE FIFTY-THIRD.

My dear — — —,

THE letter, which I had the pleasure of receiving from you yesterday, afforded me all the satisfaction I had so much reason to expect from it. But, as every good in this world must have its alloy, it was accompanied by one of those half-dictatorial epistles, which, under the colour of friendly Concern, and in the garb of respectful

pectful Language, contains no small degree of concealed Impertinence. A certain relation of mine never fails to pester me with a few of them, whenever I happen to be in his debt. I had rather pay him ten per cent. if he would spare his counsels, than have the loan without interest and encumbered with them. But this is not all; for I am obliged to play the hypocrite against the grain, to acknowledge his goodness, to promise amendment, and so on.

The last *Paris* jaunt ended unprofitably: it emptied my purse, led me into difficulties, and made me dependent where dependence is parti-

particularly painful; to which may be added some scurvy treatment, which I do not like to think of, and am sorry has got abroad. — — ought to have cut the Bully's throat, without hesitation; but he was a tranquil spectator of the business, and had not the gratitude to risk his own pitiful Life to save my Honour.

When I seriously reflect on the miseries of Dependence, by whatever name it may be distinguished, I cannot but admire the prudence, and envy the disposition, of those men who preserve themselves above it. I am convinced, that no man can be happy or honourable, who
does

does not proportion his expences to the means he possesses: and, if the phrase is significant, that describes the man, who pays every body, as *above the world*, he, who has disabled himself from pursuing the same conduct, must submit to the abject idea of being beneath it. If your Creditor is a Shoemaker, and you cannot discharge his bill, whatever your rank may be, he becomes your Superior; and the moment you put it out of your power to pay a Servant his wages, he becomes your Master, and you must not only submit to his impertinence, but connive at his frauds, in order to prevent this liveried Creditor from making his demands.

demands. I tell you honestly, that the galled horse winces on the occasion, and that my withers are most severely wrung. I feel the grief so sensibly, that, if I had an amanuensis at hand, I should like to patrol my library, and dictate a discourse on worldly Prudence. The circumspect use of money, arising, not from any avaricious principle, but from the wise practice of applying means to ends, will keep a man in that state of independence which is the Rock of Life. On that foundation he can stand firm, return the haughty look, smile at the supercilious frown, give truth its due force, and scorn the embroidered lie. You have a son; and let me

me advise you, while the smartings of the moment dictate the counsel, to instil into his tender mind the lasting impressions of a liberal prudence, without which Virtue is continually harassed by necessity, Pleasure has but an interrupted enjoyment, and Life becomes a chequered scene of agitation and distress.

————— *Quærenda pecunia primum ;*
Virtus post nummos. —————

But this by the way.—You inform me that you every day expect an encrease of your family, which I very sincerely hope may prove an addition to your happiness, However, I cannot but think it a great mistake to make merry over a creature

creature who is born to the same miseries as ourselves, who, the first moment he draws the Breath of Life, is enrolled in the Register of Death, and, from the Womb, makes swift and direct advances to the Grave. I am almost a convert to the practice of the *Thracians*, who wept beside the Cradle, and danced around the Tomb. These opinions will, probably, preclude any proposals to me from becoming a Godfather. Mrs. — — — once did me the honour to hint something of that nature; but I beg you to tell her, from your own experience, that I am too un-sanctified a person to take upon me the character of a baptismal Sponsor. You will then be so obliging as to

VOL. II.

O

add,

add, from me, that I shall ever have too sincere a regard for any child of hers, to procure it so ungracious an entrance into the Christian Church, as I am apprehensive that it would find, were I to be the officiating Usher on the occasion.

I am, with great regard, &c.

LETTER THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

I RECEIVE your congratulations with an unaffected sensibility ; but, as your applause proceeds from the partiality of a favourable representation, and not from your own
imme-

immediate experience, I may, without impropriety, or any false show of modesty, to which I am not very much habituated, observe, that the part I took in the debate to which you so kindly allude, would not have been so favourably mentioned, if you had been one of its crowded audience.

I will tell you, with great truth, that it was an important object with me to exert the full force of my mind and talents on the business of that day. I had directed all my thoughts to that purpose, and not only exerted a very unusual industry in acquiring the Knowledge necessary to give my opinions

their due weight, but had laboured the Dress in which they were to be cloathed, and attentively composed the decorations which were to give the final embellishment. In short, I omitted no mode of study, reflection, or exercise, which might enable me to force Conviction, and ravish Applause. But I succeeded in neither ; and, after a speech of some length, I sat down, oppressed with disappointment and mortification. Several circumstances, unexpected in themselves, and untoward in their nature, co-operated to the fall of my pride on that day. In the morning, while I was rehearsing my part to A— —, by some mistake, H— — was admitted to me, and not only
inter-

interrupted my lesson, but, by the ready communication of his eccentric flights upon the same subject, threw my well-marshalled band of ideas into irretrievable confusion. But this was not all; he desired to accompany me to the House, and, in our way thither, he seized upon the bugle ornaments of my cloaths, as a subject for still more discomfiting singularities of thought: so that I was most heartily glad when my coach broke down in Parliament-street, and produced a separation. The worst, however, remains behind. It was my purpose to follow the *Earl of Shelburne*; and, in consequence of such a plan, I had necessarily presupposed the line of

debate he would take, with the general turn of argument he might adopt, and had prepared myself accordingly. But all my conjectures proved erroneous; for that noble Lord took a course so different from my presuppositions, and displayed a degree of political erudition so far beyond me, that, when I arose, the confusion between my prepared thoughts, and those which were suggested by the able discourse of the foregoing speaker, was so great, that, altho' I was not thrown into hesitation, I got so wide of the point before me, as to be called to order with great vehemence and some propriety from the opposite side of the House. This proved *Confusion worse*

con-

confounded ; and, tho' I proceeded with some degree of spirit and recovery, I sat down, at length, with much self-dissatisfaction : nor had I reason to think, from the succeeding part of the debate, that I had made any impression on those within the bar, whatever I might have done among the tribe of curious listeners without it.

This is the true, unvarnished state of the case ; and, from the circumstances of it, I have formed a resolution, which, I trust, you will approve,—to make no more such studied preparations. I will give the announced subjects all the consideration they deserve, acquire all the

knowledge of them in my power; form my general principles, and leave their particular arrangement, with the necessary shape, dress, and delivery, to the circumstances and impressions of the moment. When a senator is to take the lead in a debate, in order to introduce a projected motion of his own, or is engaged to second that of another, he may enter upon his task with the most minute verbal preparation; but, when he is to take his casual turn, he must trust to his Feelings of the moment, operating upon the Knowledge of the moment. If a man, with the common gifts of speech, possesses a good store of the latter, he may be soon habituated to
yield

yield himself to the former, with a certain assurance of acquiring an important political reputation.

In *American* affairs I have ever possessed a perfect uniformity of opinion. My doctrine has ever been, that Legislation involves in it every possible Power and Exercise of civil Government. For this principle I shall never cease to contend ; tho' I am forced unwillingly to acknowledge, that the ministerial means of supporting it have, at times, been very erroneous. But you may be assured, that, if some better plans for reinstating Great-Britain in the full dominion of her revolted Colonies be not pursued, an event which

Huma-

Humanity at first, succeeded by Misinformation and later Indecision, has so unfortunately delayed, but which is still practicable,) Ministers shall hear the deep-toned energy of my reproach : I will lift up my voice against their timid and indecisive counsels. My political career, at least, shall not be marked with dishonour.

I cannot do better, than, with the feelings of the present moment, to assure you of my most grateful acknowledgments for the regard you have shewn, on so many occasions, to,

Your most faithful, &c.

LET-

LETTER THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

INDEED, my friend, you are quite wild on the subject of Eloquence. It may adorn our parliamentary Debates, but it will not save our Country. It is an adventitious qualification, that will do but little, unless other more substantial talents and attainments are in alliance with it. An Orator, in Cicero's definition of the character, in which, I suppose, he designed to comprehend himself, combines every thing which is great in human Nature; but the mere Man of Words, Metaphors, and Impudence, in which, you may tell me, I should comprehend

hend myself, is nothing more than an useful Fool in the hands of superior Direction.

You are very sensible, but you mistake my sense. I did not declare it to be my opinion that we had no Orators among us, but that there was a melancholy dearth of real Statesmen. Perhaps, there never was a period in the annals of this or any other country, which has produced more able public Speakers than that wherein we live. The system of Attack and Defence, displayed every session in both Houses of Parliament, produces specimens of oratorical Abilities which would have done honour to any nation at any period, Eloquence

quence is a powerful auxiliary to great political talents ; but it is nothing without them,—I mean, as to any great line of national utility. Mr. *Edmund Burke*, who is a prodigy in his kind, will never make a leading Statesman. I do not know, nor have I ever heard of, any man who could deliver such a rapid, correct, adorned, and highly-finished Oration, as frequently proceeds from the instantaneous impulse of this gentleman's illuminated faculties. As a Scholar, as a man of universal Knowledge, as a Writer, he is the object of my most sincere admiration; but, in my opinion, he would never figure in office beyond *the Board of Trade*. *Charles Fox's* Abilities and
 Elocution

Elocution are of a decided superiority; but, out of the Senate, their exertions would be of dubious expectation. If the formation of a new Ministry were to fall to my lot, *Charles* could not be engaged in a more busy part than is generally allotted to a *Vice-Treasurer of Ireland*. As for *Colonel B—*, Nature designed him for the service of Attack: he is nothing but in the House of Commons, nor does he figure there but in Opposition. To muzzle the mastiff, he must have a place; for, while he sat on the Treasury-bench, *he was dumb, and opened not his mouth*. *Lord Weymouth* is not an Orator; but he delivers his good sense with a very becoming dignity. The *Duke of G—*'s

G— —'s speeches are *words, words, words*; but are accompanied with an imposing air of consequence, which tells you, in every look, gesture, and expression, what the Speaker thinks of himself. *Lord C— —* an Orator!--Where was your Reflection fled, or in what quarrel had you engaged with Reason and Judgment, when you made such a mistaken declaration? Believe me, my dear friend, he possesses nothing but a little, literary, spangled kind of embroidered politics; pretty, decorative, and in fashion; but without any thing like solidity of abilities, or permanency of character. I could never view him in any other light, not even when he presided at a
Com-

Commiſſion, whoſe hiſtory ſhould be blotted from the annals of Great Britain. Our preſent *Palinurus* is by no means deſerving of that contempt, which ſome men, very much his inferiors in every thing, think proper to throw upon him ; and the Secretary for the American department ranks high among our modern Politicians :—nor muſt *Lord Shelburne* be forgotten, who poſſeſſes, in a brilliant degree, the gift of Utterance, and is a perfect *Vade-mecum* in Politics. I bear a willing teſtimony to *Lord Camden's* vigorous Underſtanding ; and I poſſeſs an hereditary admiration of *Lord Mansfield's* very ſuperior Talents and Character :
 ---but the leading Lawyers, however
 able

able or learned, do not come within the compass of our present discriminations. But all the Eloquence on which you build your hopes, and all the Abilities which our leading men possess, if brought into one aggregate Mass of political talents, would not compose that consummate Character on whom a Nation might repose with confidence and security. Is there a man among us, who can claim an equal share of ministerial Reputation with *Mr. Pelham* or *Mr. George Grenville*?

But I must add, for our consolation, that our Enemies cannot boast of any intellectual superiority over us:—their mistakes have kept pace

VOL. II.

P

with

with our errors : the catalogue of their blunders is not less bulky than our own. Besides, we still bear ourselves like a great people ; we do not discover any marks of Despondency ; and, I trust, we shall continue to support our national Character, to the Confusion of our Enemies, and the final Glory of our Country.

I have this day been informed, that *Dr. Price*, the *Dr. Brown* of the present day, has been formally and solemnly invited by the Congress to take upon him the formation and superintendency of their Exchequer. It would gladden my very soul to hear that he was embarked for America ;

rica ; tho', I fear, he is too much of a Self-politician to take such a step. The labours of his theological Accompting house would be of no small service to *Great Britain*, if they were employed beyond the *Atlantic*. This Reverend Gentleman, in his sad vaticinations of British Downfal, shelters himself beneath the double character of a political Prophet and christian Divine. If America should finally become independent, the Prophet will then exult in the accomplishment of an event which he has long foretold : if, on the contrary, the power of *Great Britain* over her Colonies should be re-established, the Calvinistical cant of the Divine must display itself in an humble, submis-

five resignation to the Dispensations of Heaven.

I am, with great regard, &c.

LETTER THE FIFTY-SIXTH.

My dear Sir,

I Acknowledge, with a very serious concern, the indecisive and sluggish spirit of the present Administration. This political temper of our leading statesmen was amiable in its origin, perhaps pardonable in its progress, but is equally unaccountable and disgraceful, to say no worse, at this very important period. The humanity of the Royal Breast, co-operating

operating with the moderate spirit of his immediate Councils, and the general disposition of the Nation, produced those lingering measures in the beginning of the present troubles, which encouraged the insolence of democratic Ambition. If half the regiments which have hitherto been employed in vain, with a proportionable fleet, had crossed the *Atlantic* at the early period of American revolt, the mishapen legions of Rebellion would have been awed into submission, and the numerous loyal inhabitants would have had a strong-hold to which they might have resorted for protection, instead of being urged, by the hopes of preserving their menaced property, to

join the standard of Rebellion, to which, by seduction, by habit, or by necessity, many of them vowed, and some of them have proved, their fidelity.

This humane disposition of Government towards the Colonies, which has proved a fatal error in the politics of our day, naturally led to another, which arose from the placing a confidence in, and drawing their intelligence from, men, some of whom, I imagine, were as deficient in judgment as the rest were in honesty ; I mean the American Refugees. By their suggestions Ministers were influenced to continue the inactive line of conduct, till

Inde-

Independence was thundered in their ears, and circumstances seemed to announce that Alliance which has since taken place between the natural enemies of this country and its revolted subjects. Permit me to observe, that, in the early period of this unhappy business, the Nation at large seemed indisposed to adopt the measures of fire and sword. The People, very generally, hoped and believed, that the alternate anathemas and conciliatory propositions of our Acts of Parliament would have answered their beneficial intentions of quieting the disorders of the Colonies; and I verily believe, if, at the period to which I allude, a parliamentary motion had been made

to provide for the sending a large fleet and army, with an active design, to America, that ministerial power would have met with a very numerous and respectable opposition: nor would the Humanity of the Nation at large have been satisfied with a design which portended the slaughter of British subjects; while Faction would have lifted up its voice against it, as being framed upon the principle of extending, with drawn swords and bayonets fixed, the powers of Corruption, and the influence of the Crown. I again repeat, that, at this time, there was a very general aversion in the British Nation from entering seriously into the contest; for, even after the Americans.

Americans had published their separation from Great Britain, and hostilities were actually commenced, the exertions of British Valour were languid, and the Rebels, at least on the sea, gained more advantages than they have since done with the open alliance of France and the secret aid of Spain. When that unnatural union took place, the British Nation underwent a pretty general and very sudden change in sentiments; and many of the most rational friends of America could no longer consider its inhabitants as fellow-subjects, when they humbly implored the ready ambition of France to support them in their disobedience to their lawful Sovereign.

At

At this period, I must acknowledge that my expectations were broad awake to the most vigorous exertions of the British Government. I did not doubt but the Genius of my Country would arise and shake his spear. Alas !—one General was appointed upon a principle of Reconciliation, and he does not reconcile ; —a second is named, and accoutred beyond example, for Execution, and he executes nothing. A third succeeds, and new expectations are on the wing. Immense expences are incurred, the national debt enormously encreased, and no substantial advantages are obtained. At length my patience is almost exhausted ; I begin to view the
inde-

indecisive spirit of Ministry in a criminal light ; and, if some promising symptoms of a change in their measures do not appear at the meeting of Parliament, I will repeat what I have now written, and much more, in their very teeth. The place I hold shall not bribe me from letting loose the angry spirit of my reproach against them.

But another scene is opening, that is pregnant with more alarm, and may bring on a contest more trying to this Nation, than the Transatlantic commotions and the Ambition of France. I allude to the growing discontents of Ireland.

Ireland. You must too well know that there are, at this moment, thirty thousand independent men in arms in that kingdom, who have erected their own standards, and are prepared either to repel a foreign invasion, or to resist domestic tyranny. The *Irish* have long been an oppressed people; but Oppression has not quenched their spirit, and they have seized on the present favourable moment to demand Justice: nay, if they were to demand more than Justice, England is not in a situation to refuse it. But of these matters I shall soon be better informed; and you may be assured of being the first repository of my future and more mature opinions.

This

This is rather a disheartening subject. It demands my utmost resolution to look towards the storm which is gathering in the Sister-Kingdom. If, however, that can be dissipated, and the bond of peace, which is already cracked, be restored, my fears will vanish, and I shall no longer doubt but that *Great-Britain and Ireland*, in spite of American Rebellion, of foreign foes, of an indecisive, timid, procrastinating Ministry, and of a noisy, malicious, hungry Faction, will work out their own salvation, and close the present contest with added glory. — I am, &c.

L E T-

LETTER THE FIFTY-SEVENTH.

I WILL endeavour to obey your commands, and, if possible, to compress my unprepared reflections into the compass of this paper. The *Opposition* is respectable for rank, property, and abilities; but it is feeble and unimportant, from the narrowness of its plans, as well as the want of a sincere confidence, a firm union, and, as I shrewdly suspect, a general political integrity in the parties that compose it. They all readily accord in opposition to the measures of Government; but differ, not only in the manner,
but

but in the time, of exertion. They all agree to go forth against the Enemy ; but each distinct body follows its own Leader, and chuses its own mode of attack ; they never unite but for the purpose of the moment : by which means, that strong-compacted, lasting force, which, directed to one point, and at one instant, would scatter alarm through any Administration, is frittered down into a variety of desultory operations, which would disgrace the meanest ministerial apprehension.

The warmest friend of Government cannot deny, that, in the Minority, there are men of sound Principle and proved Integrity.
They

They are, indeed, but few in number, and may be easily distinguished from those who are influenced by the dæmon of disappointed Ambition, the fury of desperate Faction, and the suggestions of personal Rancour. It has been a matter of surprize to many sensible, reflecting persons, that the Opposition did not use every possible means to obtain the aid and countenance of Lord Chatham's abilities, and concentrate, as it were, their scattered rays in the *focus* of that great man's character. Under such a leader they might have acted with effect, and knocked so loud at the door of Administration, as to have made every member of it tremble, even in the most secret
and

and guarded recesses of the Cabinet. But such a coalition was wholly impracticable, even if the veteran Statesman had been free from those bodily infirmities which so seldom permitted him of late to step forth to any public exertion. If we except *Lord Camden*, there is not one of the leading actors of Opposition, who has not, at some time or other, calumniated, deceived, deserted, or, in some manner, mistreated this great man. Lord S— —e's oratorical Echo made his first entrance into the House of Commons notorious, by flying, as it were, at his very throat; and yet this man has been proud to bear the armorial banner at his

funeral. The first day on which the *Earl of Chatham* took his seat in the House of Peers, the Duke of R— — was forced to bow beneath its reproof for insulting him. The Duke of G— —, who, to use his own words, had accepted the Seals merely to trail a pike under the command of so distinguished a politician, when advanced to an higher post, turned an angry face against the leader whom he had deserted. Even the M— — of R— — —, when at the head of his short-lived Administration, was vain enough to affect a refusal of Mr. *Pitt's* assistance. The conduct of such men, tho' it might be despised, could not be entirely effaced

effaced from his mind by all the submissive homage they afterwards paid him; and, tho' he may have since lived with some of them in the habits of occasional intercourse, you may be assured, if his health had permitted a re-entrance into the public service, that he never would have engaged in the views of men whom he could not trust. The Ministry, I believe, sent somewhat of an embassy to him, which he treated with contempt: and if Lord S—e, in an occasional visit to *Hayes*, undertook a similar business, on the part of Opposition, I doubt not but the answer he received, tho' perhaps more softened, had its

concomitant mortification. During the last years of his venerable life, he seemed to stand alone ; or made his communications to no one but Lord Camden, whom

— *He faithful found among the faithless,
Faithful only he.*——

The grave is now closed upon that illustrious Statesman, and his splendid orb is set for ever. There was that in his character which gave him a very distinguished superiority over the rest of mankind. He was the greatest War-minister this Kingdom ever knew ; and the four years of his administration form the most brilliant period that the British annals, or perhaps those of the World,

can

can produce. They who aim at the diminution of his glory, and that of his country, by attributing the rapid change of national affairs, under his administration, to Chance, and the fortunate circumstances of the moment, must be slaves to the most rooted prejudice, the foulest envy, or the darkest ignorance. To the more brilliant part of his life, let me add, that he was a Minister who detested the arts of corruption, set his face against all court as well as cabinet intrigues, and quitted his important station with unpolluted hands. It is a great national misfortune that the mantle of this political Patriarch has not been caught by any of his successors. We are

not deficient in men of Genius, and both Houses of Parliament give daily examples of Eloquence which Rome and Athens never excelled ; nevertheless, there does not appear to be a man in the kingdom with that power of understanding, depth of knowledge, activity of mind, and strength of resolution, sufficient to direct our harrassed empire. There are many among us, who are capable of being second in command, and filling all the subaltern departments with adequate ability ; but the State as well as the Army wants a Commander in Chief. The Truncheon is become little more than an useless trophy, as an hand fit to grasp it is no longer to be found.

In

In bearing my poor testimony to the *Manes* of Lord *Chatham*, I have yielded to the impulse of my very soul. In this imperfect act of veneration, I can have no interest, for the object of it is gone where the applause of this world cannot reach him; and, as I ventured to differ from him when alive, and delivered the reasons of my difference to his face, what motive can there be for me to flatter him now he is no more? To oppose the sentiments of that venerable Statesman was an undertaking which shook my very frame. My utmost resolution, strengthened by a sense of duty, and the laudable ambition of supporting what I conceived to be right, against the

proudest names, could not sustain me. You, I believe, were present, when I sunk down and became silent beneath the imposing superiority of his Abilities: but I did not feel it a defeat to be vanquished by him;

— — — *nec tam*
Tarpe fuit vinci, quam contendisse decorum est.

LETTER THE FIFTY-EIGHTH.

YOUR letter arrived, most opportunely, to awaken me from the slumbering *ennui* of a Toilette. I was actually in the power of my Valet de Chambre, when it came to delight as well as instruct me; and I have proposed a truce with powder,

der, pomatum, and papillotes, to encourage a thought which instantaneously arose from my situation, and may, in its progress, produce a suitable answer to your philosophic epistle.

That very important and unexpected effects arise from the most trivial causes, is to be discovered in every page of History, as well as in every line of the passing volume of Life. Circumstances, to all appearance, the most inconsequential and insignificant, have not only dipped thousands of pens in the bitter ink of Controversy, produced infinite Envy, Heart burning, and Calumny, but have also turned the Plowshare

share and the Pruning-hook into weapons of Bloodshed and Destruction.

Turning away, with alarm, from the subject at large, which would be little less than the History of the World, permit me to call your attention to the virulent animosities which have been created, among a large and powerful part of mankind, in different ages, by the modes of dressing the Hair, wearing Beards, and weaving Perriwigs. It is a Dressing-room subject, and, being arrayed in all the satin dignity of a *robe de chambre*, I feel myself inspired to pursue it.

It

It is not with any view to instruct you, that I mention the great veneration which in former times has been paid to the Hair, but to give somewhat of order and arrangement to the weighty matter under my immediate consideration. That the Tresses of pious Virgins were thought an acceptable offering to their tutelary Goddess, is well known by every classical student; nor is it less an object of common literary knowledge, that, among the Greeks and Romans, the first fruits of the human Temples, as well as of the Chin, were claimed, with great ceremony, by the altars of Bacchus, Neptune, and other presiding Divinities. In later times, but
in.

in the early part of our æra, (you perceive I write as a Christian,) an oath was supposed to demand instant conviction, when a man swore by his Hair; and the act of salutation was never so graceful or acceptable, as when it was accompanied by the plucking an Hair from the head, and presenting it to the person who was the object of respectful attention. The offering the Hair to be cut, was an acknowledgment of sovereignty, and an acceptance of the offer was considered as an assurance of adoption. The serf, or bondsman, was distinguished by the shortness of his Hair; and the insolvent debtor, on the resigning himself to the future service of his creditor,

creditor, presented the potent scissars, whose instant sharpness was applied to his flowing Locks, the marks of that freedom he no longer possessed.

Long Hair being at this period the distinguishing proof of a Gentleman, and, of course, an object of great care and attention, became a subject for pulpit sarcasm; and religious oratory did not fail to make the Churches echo with the crime of *Toilette* Assiduity. At length, however, some of the younger Clergy, sighing after the appearance of fashionable life, ventured upon the reigning mode, and gave a new *ton* to clerical *Coeffure*, which was soon adopted by a long train of their
com-

complying brethren. This Schism in Dress caused the Ecclesiastics to turn the tide of invective from the Lay world to each other, and produced a Division in the Church, which drew forth, through no small period, the retaliating menaces of Damnation from the *long-haired* and *short-haired* Clergy. *Saint Paul*, it seems, who, by the perversions of his successors, has been the innocent cause of much uneasiness in the world, was held forth as having, by apostolic authority, forbidden his own sex to suffer their Hair to fall below the shoulder, and granted the luxuriant Tresses to flow only as a covering for female charms. There seems to be some Taste as well as Wantonness
in

in the regulation ; but, as I do not possess, among my many hereditary talents, the qualification to become a Commentator on the Sacred Writings, or the Champion of an injured Apostle, I shall take leave of the subject, and proceed to another stumbling-block of offence, and angry source of controversy, which the human Chin has so amply afforded.

The respect which has been shewn to the *Beard*, in all parts of the civilized, and in some parts of the uncivilized World, is well known to the slightest erudition ; nay, a certain prejudice in its favour still exists, even in countries where the Razor has long been omnipotent. This
im-

'impression seems to arise very naturally from the habit of associating with it those ideas of Experience and Wisdom of which it is the emblem. It cannot wait upon the Follies of Youth ;—its bushy and descending honours are not known to grace the countenance of early life : and, tho' it may be said, in some degree, to grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength, it continues to flourish in our decline, and attains its most honourable form and beauty, when the Knees tremble, the Voice grows shrill, and the Pate is bare.

When the bold and almost blasphemous pencil of the enthusiastic Painter

Painter has aimed at representing the Creator of the World upon the canvass, a flowing Beard has ever been one of the characteristic and essential marks of the Supreme Divinity. The Pagan *Jupiter*, and the graver Inhabitants of *Olympus*, would not be known with this majestic ornament. Philosophy, till our smock-faced days, has considered it as the appropriate Symbol of its profession. *Judaic* Superstition, *Egyptian* Wisdom, *Attic* Elegance, and *Roman* Virtue, have been its fond protectors. To make it an object of Dissention, and alternately to consider it as a sign of Orthodoxy or the standard of Heresy, was reserved for the fantastical Zeal of the Christian Church.

In more modern times, not only provincial and national, but general Councils have been convened, Synods have been summoned, ecclesiastical Congregations and cloistered Chapters of every denomination have been assembled, to consider, at different periods, the character of this venerable Growth of the human Village. Infinite disputes have been, of course, engendered, sometimes with respect to its form, at other times in regard to its existence. Religion interested itself, in one age, in contending for that pointed form to which Nature conducts it: at a succeeding period, anathemas have been denounced against those who refused to give it a rounder shape ;

shape; and to these, other denunciations have followed, which changed it to the square or the scollop. But, while religious Caprice,---for Religion, sorry am I to say it, seems to be troubled with Caprices, quarrelled about Form and Shape, the disputes were confined within the pale of the Western Church; but, when the Beard lessened into Whiskers, and the Scythe of ecclesiastical Discipline threatened to mow down every Hair from off the face, the East sounded the alarm, and the Churches of *Asia* and *Africa* took up the cause, and supported, with all the violence of argument and remonstrance, those Honours of the Chin that they still preserve, and

to which the existing inhabitants of those climates offer up a perpetual incense.

In the History of the *Gallic* Church, (for, by some unaccountable accident, I have sometimes stumbled upon a page of ecclesiastical story,) the scenes of religious Comedy still live in description.—For example :--- a bearded Bishop appears at the door of a Cathedral in all the pomp of Prelacy, and demands installation to the diocese to which he is appointed. He is there met by a troop of beardless Canons, and refused admittance, unless he will employ the golden Scissars they present to him, to cut that flowing Ornament from his face,

face, which they would think a Disgrace to their own, as well as to the religion they profess. This same History, also, is not barren of examples, where the sturdy Prelate has turned indignant from the disgraceful proposal, and sought the enforcing aid of sovereign Power, which has not always been able, without much difficulty, to compel the reluctant Chapter to acknowledge a bearded Diocefan. Others, unwilling to risk or delay the power and wealth of an episcopal Throne for the sake of a cumbrous Bush of Hair, have, by the ready sacrifice of their Beards, been installed amid acclamations and hosannas, as disgraceful as they were undeserved.

It may appear still more ridiculous, but it is no less true, that some of these Bishops have compounded the matter with their refractory Clergy, in giving up the greater part of the Beard, but retaining the growth of the upper Lip in the form of Whiskers. The idea of a Bishop *en moustaches* must trouble the spirit of a modern Christian; but such there have been, who, in the act of sacrificing to the God of Peace, have exhibited the fierce, terrific aspect of a German Pioneer.

At length, the persecuted Beard, which has been the object of such faithful Veneration, finds in our quarter of the globe, if we except
the

the corner of *European* Turkey, its only asylum in the Capuchin Cloister ; unless we add the casual protection which is given to it by the fanatical Jew, or mendicant Hermit.

The *Wig*, *Peruke*, or *Perriwig*, with the clerical Tonsure, have been the cause of as much ecclesiastical Contention, as the Arian and Athanasian Schisms. The last century experienced all its fury, which would not have given way to less important events, than the Edict of *Nantes*, and the Questions of *Jansenius*. The former turned Bigotry to a more engaging object, and lost Commonsense in astonishment ; while the lat-

ter opened a new vent in the combuſtious volcano of religious Diſcord.

The firſt Wig which is mentioned in Hiſtory was the hairy Skin of a Goat, which the Daughter of Saul is related to have employed to ſave the life of her huſband. In a ſucceeding age, *Zenophon* makes mention of the Periwig of *Aſtyages*, the grandfather of *Cyrus*; and deſcribes the aſtoniſhment which ſeized the Royal Boy on beholding his anceſtor ſo majeſtically covered. *Suidas* and *Tacitus* both bear teſtimony, that *Hannibal* of *Carthage* wore a Peruke, and that his wardrobe was furniſhed with a very large aſſortment
of

of Wigs of all kinds, fashions, and colours, not only for the purpose of magnificence, but also from the policy which frequently obliged him to change his appearance.

The *Romans*, and, in particular, the fashionable Ladies of *Rome*, had great recourse to false Hair. That of a white colour was the *ton* in *Ovid's* days; and it was imported from *Germany*, where it was common.

*Nunc tibi captivos mittet Germania crines;
Culta triumphata munere gentis eris.*

This courtly and gallant Poet is very severe upon the custom; *Martial* has made it the subject of several epigrams; and *Juvenal* charges
Messalina

Messalina with wearing the adscitious ornament of her head to obtain concealment in the pursuit of her Debaucheries. The Ladies of the present day may, therefore, shelter themselves behind the greater extravagance of the female Romans. The latter imported their borrowed Locks from a foreign country, while the former are contented with the spoils of Death in their own, and do not shudder at mingling, with their own Tresses, such as are furnished by the fatal hand of Disease in Hospitals and Infirmaryes.

Louis the Thirteenth of France, having lost his Hair, was obliged to ask, or, as he was King, I should rather

rather say, command, the comfortable aid of a Perriwig; and the Necessity of the Sovereign cut off all the Hair of his fashionable Subjects. *Louis the Fourteenth* annexed great dignity to his Peruke, which he encreased to an enormous size, and made a Lion's Mane the object of its similitude. That Monarch, who daily studied the part of a King, was never seen with his head uncovered but by the Barber who shaved him. It was not his practice to exchange his Wig for a Night-cap, till he was inclosed by his curtains, when a Page received the former from his hand, and delivered it to him in the morning before he undrew them. The figure of the great *Bourbon* must, at times,

times, have been truly ridiculous. But of ridiculous figures——had I lived in the reign of good *Queen Anne*, my thread-paper form and baby face must have been adorned with a full-bottom Periwig, as large as that which bedecks the head and shoulders of Mr. Justice *Blackstone*, when he scowls at the unhappy culprit who is arraigned before him.

It is, I believe, very generally known, that there is no small number of the Clergy who love a little of the *ton*, as well as the ungodly Laymen : the question, therefore, of wearing Wigs, with the Form of ecclesiastical Tonsure, became a matter of bitter controversy ; and the first *Petit-Maitre* of a Clergyman, who
was

was bold enough to appear in a Wig, was called *Le Patriarch des Ecclesiastiques emperruqués*. At this time was published the famous book in favour of *Periwigs* with the admirable title of *Absalom*, whose melancholy fate was caused by his Hair; and I remember, in the humorous Exhibition of Sign-Painters, with which I think *Bonnel Thornton* amused the Town some years ago, that he adopted this idea, in a representation of the Jewish Prince suspended in mid-air, as related in Holy Writ, which was entitled, *a Sign for Peruke-Makers*. *Tom Warton* of Oxford wrote a little Latin *jeu d'esprit* on the subject of Wigs, with their applications

plications and effects, of which it concerns me to remember no more than that it possessed his usual Latinity and classical humour. *Hogarth*, also, employed his pencil to ridicule the Full-bottoms, especially the *Aldermanic* ones, of the last Coronation, with his accustomed success. But of the Histories that relate to this subject, the most extraordinary, and which will be hardly credited by Posterity, is the Petition delivered by the Peruke-makers of London to his present Majesty, praying him, for the Benefit of their Trade, to resume the Wig he had been pleased to lay aside: and,---what adds to the Ridicule as well as the Impudence of the

the measure,---I have been informed, by a spectator of their procession, that a considerable number of them actually wore their Hair, tho' they openly avowed the sacrilegious wish to pluck that ornament from the Pate of Sovereignty.

In the Augustan age of the Roman Empire, the Wit and the Satyrift have employed their different weapons against the prevailing attentions to the Decorations of the Hair ; and *Seneca*, in one of his Epistles, writes, with solemn Indignation, against the Roman Toilettes, which he describes in the precise form and process of our
own.

own. Some of the Fathers were equally severe against the female coquettes of their time ; as their denunciations seem to be more particularly levelled at the fairer part of the Creation. One of them, in particular, declares, that they who employ their hours in arranging their Hair, instead of performing the Duty of Christians, sacrifice to *Cotys*, who is the Goddess of Impurity, and to *Priapus*, who is the God of it. If this be true, what a more than Pagan Age is renewed among us !

But, to conclude my unsuspected learning on this subject, I must add the curious reproach of *Tertul-*
lian

lian against the *high Head-dresses*, as well as the practice of *dying the Hair*, so prevalent in his day. He concludes his earnest address, on this subject, to the ladies, by impressing on their attention the sacred text, that we cannot make an *Hair white or black, or cause the least addition to our Stature*; and reproaches them on employing the above-mentioned arts of the Toilette to effect both these purposes, and thereby giving an express lie to the divine Declaration of the Gospel.

Petit-Maitreism (excuse a new-fangled word) has existed at all periods, in all countries, and in

VOL. II.

S

every

every situation. Private Peace has been disturbed by it ; and the spirit of Christianity has been lost in its contentions. It found its way into the Cloister ; it has accompanied the Hermit in his cell ; and the Hottentot does not escape its influence : nay, the patriot *Roman* and the hardy *Goth* have condescended to become Coxcombs. *Theodoric*, a well-known Gothic Prince, is related to have had an Officer, who, when the Barber had finished his Beard, was employed to pluck every remaining Hair from his face which might interrupt its smoothness. *Cæsar* used to say, that his soldiers fought better when they were perfumed ; and, according to *Plutarch*, *Surena*, General of the Parthians,

Parthians, and the bravest man of the nation, painted his face. The French do not suffer the most refined effeminacy of their Toilettes to extinguish their gallant spirit, and, at the command of their Sovereign, they rush, from all the filken softness of Luxury, to the hardships of Camps and the dangers of Battle.

Whether you will be of opinion with me, that man is a *Petit-Maitre* by Nature, or, to express myself more philosophically, a coxcomical Animal, I cannot tell ; but I have, in the course of these reflections, wrought myself so fully into the belief of it, that, under the future operations of my Friseur, I shall look, in the glass before me, with
the

the complacent patience of a man
conscious that he is acting under
the common impulse which governs
all Mankind.

Adieu!

END of the SECOND VOLUME.

*Lately published by J. BEW, No. 28,
Pater-Noster-Row,*

Price 3s. sewed,

A new Edition, being the *Fifth*, of

1. LETTERS of the late LORD LYT-
TELTON, Volume the First.

2. The R——L REGISTER, Volume the
Sixth : Containing OBSERVATIONS on the
principal Characters of the Church, the
State, and the Court, Male and Female,
&c. &c. With ANNOTATIONS by ano-
ther Hand.

Of whom may be had the Five preceding Volumes,

Price 2s. 6d. each.

